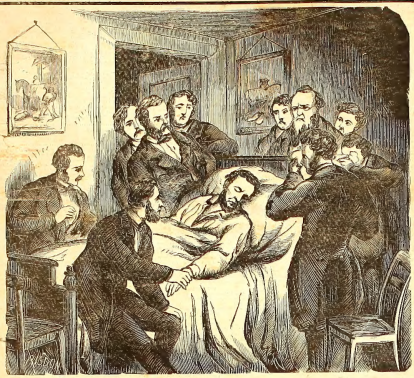
NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO. EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

NEW-YORK: FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 22, 1865

VOL. XX. NO. 1025.—[PRICE TEN CENTS.



Scene at the Death-bed of the President.



Assassination of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.



Fight with the Assassin in Secretary Seward's Room.



Frederick Seward's Encounter with the Assassin.



The Assassination of Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.



John Wilkes Booth, the Assassin.

THE ASSASSIN'S CARNIVAL.

The National Police Gazette.

GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms......IN ADVANCE, $4; SIX MONTHS, $2 00.

All Letters containing money may be sent at the risk of the proprietors when they are registered, but not otherwise.

LETTERS AND ORDERS, TO INSURE PROMPT ATTENTION, MUST BE DIRECTED ONLY THUS, "GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO., NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, New York City."

OFFICE—ROOM 7, AT NO. 3 TRYON ROW.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE is the only authentic record of crime and Criminal Jurisprudence in the United States. The proprietors possess exclusive and confidential means of information available to no other journal.

ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

One or more insertions	13 cents per line
On Third Page, three months	$1 25 per line.
On Fourth Page, three months	1 00 per line
[illegible] Notices	25 cents per line
[illegible] Notices	18 cents per line

[AMER]ICAN NEWS COMPANY, General Agents for supplying [the tra]de at the publishing office, 121 Nassau street, where [the] dealers should apply.

[TH]OMAS R. CALLENDER, corner Third and Walnut streets, [Phi]ladelphia, Pa., General Agent for the Southern and Western [t]rade.

THE National Police Gazette.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22 1865

OUR COUNTRY'S GRIEF.—The nation is in mourning: grief is depicted on every face, for the chief magistrate of the country lies in his coffin, a mutilated corpse. To undertake to measure the length and breadth of the results that will attend the foul outrage we elsewhere record, would be a futile endeavor to forestall what the inexorable pen of history will record. Our country has passed through many vicissitudes since the eagles of victory rested on the standards of our revolutionary sires. We have experienced the havoc of foreign invasion, the pressure of financial disarrangement, and internecine strife, with all its attendant horrors, but in the category of our afflictions there is none to equal in the extent of its ulterior influence and positive atrocity, that which has left the nation mourning. How strangely history repeats itself. Gustavus the Fourth of Sweden, at a masked ball is shot to the heart by Ankerstrom, who fittingly expiated for his crime; and Henry the Fourth of France, he of Navarre, fa[lls] beneath the knife of the maniac Ravaillac. These were the two most noted instances in modern history of chief rulers falling victims to the assassin's blow, and now upon the record of crime is to be entered the most notable offence that has disgraced the age and harrowed the feelings of law abiding citizens.

Certainly in past years—not very remote—many attempts have been made by madmen and political enthusiasts to circumvent the life of royalty, but which, happily, were unattended by the accomplishment of the felonious design. Charles the Second of England was to have been shot with a silver bullet; but that was merely Titus Oate's story, a vagabond upon whose lying assertions so many innocent victims were hurried to an ignominious end. Fieschi and his associates undertook to blow up the French king Louis Philippe, and for their deserts very properly lost their heads. We need scarcely remind our readers of the many attempts that have been made upon the life of that model woman Queen Victoria. They all proved abortive; and so, also, was the infernal endeavor of Orsini, Pierio and others, to murder the present Napoleon. Shakespeare says, "There is a divinity which doth hedge a king;" that, however, is an expression which must not be construed by its face or ostensible meaning. The history of crime demonstrates that there is no such divine effiatus emenating from the presence of rulers that will save them from the assassin's knife, or the bullet of the desperado. Place and power afford no safe guards against the unexpected assaults of murderous fanatics, whose passions are wound up to a tension by the false and traitorous teachings of vindictive political leaders.

There is not a doubt that bad political teachings, in its results, acts as disastrously as bad moral instruction. Said an eminent Irish judge once, "Show me the man who is politically base, and you will surely find he is morally bad." The converse of the proposition is equally true. That there has been erroneous political teaching North and South for the last four years no one who has watched the progress of events will venture to deny. With the political results of that teaching we have nothing to do, we look merely to the moral sequences, and behold the spectacle presented to our view! The chief Magistrate of a great people, a high officer just reindued with the mantle of authority is violently assaulted—shot to the death in a public assembly—in the presence of hundreds of his fellow citizens! From health, and vigor, and high position, and the promise of most extensive usefulness, he is hurried to the cold bed of death by the pistol of the cowardly assassin; this too in the midst of a festive gathering! Terrible to contemplate. But the work of violence extends further, the knife and the bludgeon demanded other victims; the sanctity of the sick room is invaded, and the son protecting the helpless father succumbs under the furious blows of the murderous assailant. The Secretary of State—charged with the most important details of our domestic and international economy—lying prostrate from the effects of recent accidental injuries, becomes the unresisting recipient of the assassin's poignard! It is a chapter of horrors. Words are inadequate to give expression to our feelings when recalling the circumstances attending these atrocious acts. It stuns us to realize that the President of the United States has been *murdered*, the Assistant Secretary of State beaten senseless, and the Secretary himself left in a condition that affords, we fear, but faint hopes of a permanent recovery from the effects of his injuries, which would be to the nation an irreparable loss. Are these acts the results of latter day political teachings? Has the animus which prompted the conflagration of our city last November, stimulated assassins to this last deadly work? How [far] complicity with others, and how many other men were connected with the perpetrators of this dreadful tragedy will doubtless transpire in the course of events. We earnestly trust for the sake of our common humanity that the skirts of but a few are stained with this most foul crime, for indeed we can scarcely bring ourselves to think that these atrocious acts were prompted by other influence than an individual predisposition to violence intensified by political hate.

May it not properly be said that "a great Prince has fallen in Israel." At this especial juncture of public affairs, the death of President Lincoln leaves a void that it will be found difficult to fill serviceably for the interest of the country. Just as our civil troubles were about being brought to a close, and the smiles of peace were confidently expected to beam speedily upon our heretofore distracted land, he whose utterance could have summoned their immediate presence has been struck down to a bloody grave, in this, which seemed to be the hour of his greatest usefulness. Peace be to the ashes of the illustrious victim of the assassin's blow! On his many virtues, his amiable social qualities, his good, humane and patriotic intentions, it is unnecessary that we should dwell: history will do justice to them all, and green will his memory live in the hearts of his sorrowing countrymen.

In conclusion we have but to say that we extend in all sincerity, our fullest sympathy to the surviving bereaved ones, and to express our positive desire and anxiety that a speedy and ample requital may overtake the perpetrators of this damnable atrocity, a crime unparalleled in our history, and indeed unexampled in the criminal records of the world.

THE ASSASSIN'S CARNIVAL

CAUSES THE

NATION TO MOURN.

Fiendish Assassination of President Lincoln at the Side of his Wife.

THE DASTARDLY DEED COMMITTED IN A THEATRE

Escape of the Incarnate Demon.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH THE COWARDLY ASSASSIN

The Consternation of the People in the Theatre.

SIMULTANEOUS ATTACK ON SECRETARY SEWARD WHILE HELPLESS AND SICK IN BED.

Frederick Seward Encounters the Assassin and is Felled to the Floor.

THE FIEND SPRINGS UPON THE SECRETARY AND ATTEMPTS TO CUT HIS THROAT.

He is Baffled in his Endeavors and Inflicts Several Wounds.

SECRETARY SEWARD'S LIFE SAVED BY HIS FALLING OUT OF BED.

Desperate Fight Between the Attendants and the Blood-stained Assassin.

HIS ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE AND HIS FLIGHT.

The Horrible News Sent on Lightning Wings to Every Part of the Country.

A UNITED PEOPLE'S CRY FOR VENGEANCE.

Fearful Condition of the Public Mind.

INAUGURATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON AS PRESIDENT.

A Whole Nation Clothed in Sackcloth and Ashes.

THE OFFICERS OF JUSTICE ON THE TRACK OF THE FOUL ASSASSINS.

A Full History of the Assassin Booth.

On Friday night of last week, the 14th of April, 1865, the fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, and the very day, too, on which, amid strains of national melodies and peals of triumphant cannon, the battle-torn, yet "gorgeous banner of the republic," was lifted high again over that crumbled, yet recovered fort, President Lincoln was stricken to death and the grave by the hand of a murderous assassin. For fiendish and strangely successful audacity, this great atrocity, in its leading features, necessarily and incidents, surpasses anything of its kind of which we are aware in the history of civilized society. Almost simultaneous with the assault on the President, a similar murderous assault was made upon William H. Seward, Secretary of State. Mr. Seward was at that moment prostrate in a sick chamber from an accident he had just before experienced, seriously breaking at once both his right arm and jaw. Into his sick chamber the murderer made his way at the late hour of half-past ten o'clock at night, striking and cleaning down everything before him, till standing before the feeble Secretary with drawn knife, he sprang over the sick man upon his bed, rushing to cut his throat.

The murderer was successful in inflicting three frightful gashes, when the vigorous interposition of a nurse attendant stopped further assaults upon the bleeding Secretary, when the fiend joined battle with the agen and attendants and family at the bedside of Mr. Seward. With knife, pistol and slungshot he cut and slew indiscriminately till two more were laid insensible upon the floor, one of them being Frederick W. Seward second son of the Secretary, and his assistant in administering the duties of the State Department. The history of the plot, as further disclosed, shows at least several others involved in its atrocity, and that the conspiracy contemplated the additional murder of Gen. Grant Secretary Stanton, and indeed the principal heads of the Administration, thus clearly designing to strike with sudden paralysis the whole nation, and, if possible, throw the Government into hopeless anarchy and confusion. But this part of the villainous programme providentially failed. The conspirators were only able to reach the bodies of two of those entrusted with national duty. But these two were men occupying positions of the very highest trust and responsibility, and besides, they were officials who, on their own personal account, enjoyed in a peculiarly large measure the confidence and attachment of the thoughtful and conscientious among our citizens. The intelligence of the atrocity fell upon the public eye and ear as no other intelligence ever fell before. How shall we portray, how describe the remarkable manifestations of that eventful hour?

Near 12 o'clock at night, of Friday, we were passing the neighborhood of Printing House Square, when we incidentally heard the remark that the President had been shot. We did not regard it seriously at first beyond asking a few questions as to the authority for the report. After a little further inquiry and conversation on the subject our curiosity was slightly stimulated and we concluded to explore the strange report a little more closely. A short time settled the question, that one brief despatch (which, with others, we give in another part of this narrative,) had, in fact, been received, stating that the President had been shot that night at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, and was mortally wounded. Even then we indulged the hope that though the President had been shot, yet that the statement, "mortally wounded" might prove an exaggeration, easily growing out of the excitement such an assault would naturally awaken. Soon after, however, followed another short dispatch, partially confirming the first one. Then followed another, and another, and another, and yet another, all frightfully confirming each other, and unfolding the tragedy into bloodier, and yet bloodier proportions.

Before 2 o'clock on Saturday morning it was too fearfully plain that the President was not only gasping in the convulsions of death, but that the Secretary, in his sick chamber, was also involved in the bloody drama; and his sons, nurses and attendants, in their fidelity, lay bleeding, mangled and senseless in his presence, from the same murderous hand.

"Oh what a sight was here, my countrymen!
'Twas then that you and I and all of us fell down, while
Bloody treason flourished over us."

The news was telegraphed from Police Headquarters to all the stations, and thence circulated through the streets to those who had not retired and to those yet about in the public houses. But by the greater number it was hardly credited, especially by those who only heard of the first brief despatches before going to bed. In the up-town streets the fragmentary reports were regarded with no marked uneasiness. Still the dispatches kept pouring along through the night, each successively loaded with horrors piled on horrors, and when the morning dailies were spread out through the city, some of them already burdened with the symbols of mourning, though the President had not yet died, the whole population appeared simultaneously to pause in agonized bewilderment and wonder. The President's life was then slowly ebbing away. A little later the astounding intelligence came, official from Secretary Stanton, that President Lincoln breathed his last at 7:22 o'clock, A. M., Saturday. Hundreds and hundreds swarmed around the various bulletin boards, quickly glancing along the brief, yet solemn lines. Every face was serious with earnest thought. Every eye looked troubled with a personal grief. Little conversation was had. People seemed disinclined to talk. But the spectacle of those surging masses, on reading this culminating dispatch from Secretary Stanton, plainly foreshadowed the speedy manifestations of a sensation such as this city has never known. The startling intelligence sped on the wings of electricity to all parts of the city. It glared from countless bulletin boards upon the eyes of thousands and tens of thousands of people. Upon the multitudes who gather about the great hotels flashed the staggering truth. Through the throngs accumulated in the streets it was conveyed in whispering undertones. Quickly it was the topic in every family, in every highway, on every corner, in every saloon, hotel, public institution, county, municipal, Federal, and private office in this great metropolis. Men hurried their way in all directions with earnest, thoughtful faces. Every countenance looked shaded with a personal calamity. Blocks on blocks might be traversed without detecting a smile on a human being. An emotional surge seemed collecting throughout the entire multitudinous mass, altogether beyond the power of utterance. The streets were vocal with the newsboys cry of extras, perpetually coming out with additional facts and fresh intelligence. Presently from the whole metropolitan multitude there seemed to arise sounds remotely resembling an earthquake's rumble. All business was put in a simultaneous close. Public and private offices began to close. The Federal offices in the city paused from the further transactions of business and were closed. The large houses, wholesale and retail, in rapid succession swung in their shutters and locked their doors. This general movement in the official and commercial community was initiated without concert, and was the result, purely, of a spontaneous impulse, indicating one of the characteristic American instincts in the proprieties of a great occasion. There was no humor, no mood for business. Everything gave way to the gravity of thoughts too big for utterance. Men grasped each other's hands on the streets with tearful eyes and trembling lips, without saying a word beyond a broken salutation and then timidly parting. Even at the Stock Exchange, veteran speculators were hushed in awe before the news of the fearful tragedy, and the [illegible] on gold-premium were swallowed up in the magnitude of the hour. At the Produce Exchange the same melancholy shadow was visible, and business was abandoned for a more appropriate season. The great banks and insurance offices followed the same contagious example and closed their doors. Early in the forenoon, in the midst of this spontaneous movement of the people Mayor Gunther issued the following

PROCLAMATION.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, April 15, 1865.

CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.—The death of the President of the United States may well excite your profound grief and amazement. I respectfully recommend that business be suspended, and that a public mourning for the departed Chief Magistrate be observed throughout the city.

C. GODFREY GUNTHER, Mayor.

This proclamation showed that the sentiments of the Mayor were in entire harmony with the whole body of his constituents, and furnished an effective official suggestion for a more rapid and even universal suspension of business, though the movement was in full progress when the proclamation was issued, and would very likely have gone on to the end, even without the proclamation. By noon the suspension of business had nearly reached its climax, and all along Broadway, from the Battery to Union Square, the great thoroughfare was lined and lining itself with the habiliments of mourning. The spectacle was affecting beyond expression. Men had everywhere turned their backs on their customary business, and were busy in draping their palatial commercial fronts with the ensigns of woe. Hotels, theatres, wholesale houses, dealers of every grade and variety, and offices of all kinds, were dressing themselves in the funeral garb of mourning around a grave. Much of the sorrowful festooning was especially rich, elegantly tasteful and munificently heavy. Ponderous stone and marble columns were heavily wound about and about with the emblems of national grief, while the entire front of monster houses, from basement to roof, were conspicuously shaded with the insignia of bereavement. Nor were these manifestations confined to Broadway; but the great streets that intersect it along the whole distance with other streets running parallel with it all over the city, were actively hastening up the same sad testimonials, so that before the afternoon was half past over the vast [illegible] In all directions, from public buildings and [illegible] establishments, the nation's colors hung at half-mast in very numerous instances enclosed in a broad funeral border, and in others darkly folded or hung in crape, as if their very stars would veil their lustrous tears from idle curiosity. Alas! that flag! But a few hours before how triumphantly it floated from a thousand staffs, inviting every breeze to kiss its laughing folds! The banner of beauty and glory was then streaming with proudly exulting joy over the victories of the last grand army of the rebellion in the blood and ashes of the traitors who had conspired against the nation's life. Peace was just lifting her white wings through the breaking clouds of desolating war. The insurgent forces were scattered and flying in all directions. [illegible] symbolized the glad temper of twenty millions of American freemen. Their faces beamed with happiness and hope at the speedy termination of a long and destructive war. They saw clearly approaching the [illegible] of a reunited nation. [illegible]

The providence of God in this unprecedented tragedy is fairly bewildering. It passes human comprehension. But let us accept it without selfish repining. Perhaps it was necessary to chasten us in the hour of dazzling triumph. The very magnificence and towering grandeur of our recent victories may have been silently stimulating an inordinate national vanity, a too selfish and unchristian pride, which it was God's purpose to wound in the germ and prostrate into timely humility. Of a truth "clouds and darkness are round about Him," yet we rejoice to believe that "righteousness and judgment are the habitations of His throne." Our people were bowed down with mourning such as this city has never known. The flags on all the shipping in the harbor quickly sympathized with the national banners throughout the city, and bowed their starry folds in drooping humiliation. In all suburban cities and villages in our immediate vicinity the same emblems of sorrow spontaneously showed themselves. Mourning rosettes and miniature likenesses enclosed in funereal display of the murdered magistrate, displayed themselves as by magic on the breasts and shoulders of citizens, male and female, in all directions. Not less frequent was the crape badge on the left arm, visible at every turn. It seemed as if the whole community instinctively clasped the great bereavement and claimed it for their own. Beardless men, all unused to tears, met and sobbed like children. All party lines were suddenly swept into oblivion, and from the great, profound, agitated depths of the public heart came forth a wail of anguish such as can only issue from the stricken affections of a nation of agonized freemen.

Very shortly after the first official intelligence of Mr. Lincoln's assassination was dealt, the first sensations of grief were visibly beginning to mingle with another element. Rage was coming forth by the side of sorrow. Indignation was overriding the general sadness. Retributive vengeance was palpably on the wing, and scenting the track of the slightest manifestation of sympathy with the atrocious murderers.

Partizan malice, to the extent of its existence, was compelled to "hide its diminished head." Some incautious persons, unable, on so abrupt a call, to throw off altogether the chronic habits rooted in past controversies, had the imprudence in several instances to provoke most summary and even savage justice from the people. The masses, in their sad rage, would admit no nonsense, were intolerant of trifling, and decidedly intolerant of anything that approached to any degree the malignity of insolence over the bloody shroud of their murdered President.

THE GREAT ASSASSINATION.

The cause of all this marvellous popular sensation was certainly equal to the tremendous effect produced. The President of the United States had been foully murdered. The Secretary of State had been assailed in his bed of sickness by the frantic assassin, plunging a knife for Mr. Seward's throat. The same fiend cut and stabbed the sons of the Secretary to the floor beside their fainting father, and levelling all opposition before him, fled, shouting as he flew, the transports of successful vengeance.

REMARKABLE DREAM.

How shall we begin the narrative of this astounding, this staggering tragedy? On Friday, the 14th inst., Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, held a long and interesting meeting of his Cabinet, at which Lieut. Gen. Grant was present. During the meeting he turned to the General and asked him if he had heard from Gen. Sherman? Gen. Grant replied that he had not, but was hourly in expectation of receiving dispatches from him, announcing the surrender of Johnston.

"Well," said the President, "you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important."

"Why do you think so?" said the General.

"Because," said Mr. Lincoln, "I had a dream last night; and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any very important military event has occurred." He then instanced Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, &c., and said that before each of these events he had had the same dream, and, turning to Secretary Welles, said:

"It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly, and I am sure that it portends some important national event."

On Friday evening the most important event of the last four years occurred—the expected news of Johnston's [illegible] The assassination of the President [illegible] incident forcibly to the recollection of those present.

It was announced in the Washington papers that the President and Mrs. Lincoln would attend Ford's theatre on the evening mentioned, to witness the representation of the American Cousin, as also Lieut. Gen. Grant. It was further expected that Secretary Stanton and other leading officials would be present. But fortunately Gen. Grant was compelled suddenly to change his purpose of going to the theatre, and with his wife left in the evening train for Burlington, New Jersey. Both the President and Mrs. Lincoln were reluctant to attend the theatre, but the former thought they had better go, for the reason that Gen. Grant would not be there, and the public would be disappointed (it having been so prominently announced) if they did not attend. It was the intention of Secretary Stanton to join them at the theatre, but pressing business prevented his going.

THE LAST WORDS FROM MR. LINCOLN'S PEN.

At about half-past eight P. M., Hon. George Ashmun called at the White House, and was ushered into the parlor, where Schuyler Colfax was seated, waiting for a short interview with the President on business which had a bearing upon his proposed overland trip. A few moments elapsed, when President Lincoln entered the room, and a short conversation took place, touching upon various matters. The President was in a happy and jovial frame of mind. Mr. Ashmun desiring to see him on special business and there being no time to attend to it then the President took out a card, and, placing it on his knee, wrote on it as follows:

Allow Mr. Ashmun and friend to come to me at nine A. M. to-morrow.
A. LINCOLN.
April 14, '65.

These were the last words that he penned. It was the last time that he signed his name to any order, document or message. The last words written by him were thus making an engagement for the morrow—an engagement which he was not allowed to meet. Before that hour had arrived he was no more.

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE THEATRE.

Mr. Lincoln finally stated that he must go to the theatre, and warmly pressed Speaker Colfax and Mr. Ashmun to accompany him; but they excused themselves on account of previous engagements. At about 8 P.M., Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln started for the carriage, the latter on the arm of Mr. Ashmun, and the President with Mr. Colfax walking together. As soon as the President and Mrs. Lincoln were seated in the carriage, they gave orders to the coachman to drive to Senator Harris's residence for Miss Harris. As they drove away [illegible] "good-by, good-by," and the carriage in a moment more disappeared from the grounds of the White House. A few moments later [illegible] Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Mr. Rathbun, step-son of Senator Harris, arrived at the theatre, and entered the front and oft named upper private box, commonly known as the State box.

THE QUIET [illegible] SUDDENLY BROKEN.

The tranquil but joyous scenes which had characterized the national capital for several days past were everywhere manifest in the streets. Bands of music were performing patriotic airs in all directions, and there was nothing in the appearance of the city which indicated that any unusual scene was to transpire, much less that the tragic events which followed could take place. The city was fast settling down into the quiet of repose. Most of the citizens had sought the quiet of their residences. The theatres were the only places which presented any life, where the quiet was broken by the reports flying like magic all over the city that the President and Secretary Seward had been assassinated. The reports at first were very contradictory, and the numerous opposite statements of men who claimed to be eye witnesses, rendered it impossible to get at the real facts for many hours.

Since then the fog has lifted materially from the original confusion, and careful sifting we are prepared we have found the correct facts connected with this fearful murder, at least as near as can be obtained up to the present time of writing. Where prominent authorities differ we shall give the reader their several versions.

THE ASSASSINATION.

But a moment before the attack was made, the President was leaning forward, resting his head on his hand in his accustomed careless way, his eyes bent upon the stage, and enjoying a hearty laugh. A noise was heard, and the form of a person descended from the box occupied by the President. With one leap he planted himself upon the stage and assumed a tragical posture, flourished a dagger, turned and faced the audience, shouting "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" also "The South is avenged!" in a tone sufficiently distinct to be heard in all parts of the theatre. The suddenness of the affair and the melodramatic manner in which the desperado went through his performance gave to the whole thing the appearance of its being part of the play. He [illegible] disappeared in the rear of the stage, followed by J. B. Stewart, a lawyer of Washington, who only missed him by about four feet. The door was closed by the assassin in Stewart's face. The delay in getting it open again gave him a few seconds' start, and he made his escape.

The assassination and leap upon and over the stage occurred at one of those intervals between two acts when the boards are momentarily bare of all actors. The audience heard the crack of the pistol, but almost simultaneously with the report, the tragic murderer leaped down and took the stage, giving the audience for a moment the confused notion that somehow the dramatic movement was a form a part of the play. No idea of murder was at first suspected, till in a moment after the manager came forward and announced that President Lincoln had been assassinated. The excitement following this intelligence may readily be conceived. A scream from Mrs. Lincoln, attended with swooning occurred about the same instant. The confusion was terrific. The whole house sprang to its feet. Every effort was made to produce quiet, but to no purpose. The entire audience, men, women and children, rushed for the door, shouting and crying, "Vengeance!" "vengeance!" "Hang the murderer!" "hang the murderer!" and the theatre was soon empty.

As Mr. Lincoln was [illegible] dropped immediately forward, and he probably never realized what killed him. When his speechless form was being borne down the narrow stairway to the street, a frantic multitude with rage pressed around the bleeding form, when they cried once "Stand back! stand back!" "Give him air!—give him air!"

J. W. BOOTH IDENTIFIED AS THE ASSASSIN.

The circumstances of the murder, the air, manner and movements of the man, were such that almost every person who had known J. Wilkes Booth declared at once that it was him. Some of the actors on the stage and members of the orchestra declared that they would bet their lives upon it being Booth. In making his escape he lost his hat, which was identified as Booth's. A spur was recognized as one obtained by Booth at a stable on that day. In fact, the evidence momentarily accumulating fixes beyond doubt the author of the bloody tragedy.

THE PRESIDENT REMOVED FROM THE THEATRE.

A guard of soldiers rushed to the box occupied by the President as soon as it was known that he was shot, and he was immediately taken out to the house of Mr. Peterson, on the opposite side of Tenth street.

THE MURDER OF MR. LINCOLN ANNOUNCED TO HIS SON.

The murder of the President was at once announced at Grover's Theatre. Little Tad Lincoln was in attendance there, and the moment that he heard the statement he seemed to go almost crazy, shrieked and sobbed in a heartrending manner. The poor boy was taken to the White House, and was soon quieted when it was ascertained that his father was still alive.

Before proceeding to other parts of the tragedy, we will give from the most authentic sources, the facts more directly connected with the President's murder.

STATEMENT OF MISS HARRIS.

Miss Harris, who was in the box with the President, makes the following statement:

Nearly one hour before the commission of the deed the assassin came to the door of the box, and looked in to take a survey of the position of its occupants. It was supposed at the time that it was either a mistake, or [illegible] an impertinent curiosity. The circumstance attracted no particular attention at the time. Upon his entering the box again, Major Rathbone arose and asked of the intruder his business. He rushed past the Major without making a reply, and placing his pistol close to the back of the President's head, actually in contact with it, fired, and instantly sprang [illegible] The murderer then jumped upon the stage, and effected his escape.

MURDEROUS SWIFTNESS.

[illegible]

DELIBERATE PREPARATION FOR THE BLOODY WORK.

[illegible]

THE PRESIDENTIAL VICTIM MOVES TO THE SACRIFICE.

[illegible]

TIME OCCUPIED IN THE TRAGEDY.

[illegible]

LAURA KEENE ENCOUNTERS THE FIEND.

[illegible]

A WASHINGTON JUDGE.

One of the judges of the Washington Court was in attendance at Ford's Theatre on the night of the tragedy, and occupied a seat about ten feet back from the box in which the Presidential party occupied. During the representation of the third act, he saw a man leaning against the wall, a few steps back from the private box, whose manner attracted his attention. His first impressions were that he was drunk, but, eyeing him more closely, the strange person gave the judge a piercing look. His glaring eyes, pale face and nervous action led the judge to believe that the man was crazy, and he called the attention of the gentleman sitting next to him to the strange action. Just then there was a demonstration of applause over some scene on the stage, which attracted his attention. A moment—and but a moment—he turned to view the stranger and he was just passing through the door into the President's box. But a moment more and the deed was done, and the strange person disappeared on the stage.

MAJOR RATHBUN'S WOUND.

Major Rathbun still suffers much from loss of blood. His surgeon, Dr. Nelson, however, reports him in good condition and progressing rapidly. He has been able to sit up a portion of the day. The dagger entered the left arm, just above the elbow, as it was thrown up to ward off the blow aimed at the left breast. As the forearm was elevated the point of the knife was forced several inches in the direction of the shoulder, making an ugly wound. He is well cared for at the residence of Senator Harris.

EXCITEMENT IN THE STREET.

[illegible]

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES CUT.

[illegible]

GEN. GRANT REPORTED KILLED.

[illegible]

MRS. LINCOLN.

[illegible]

THE HOURS ON GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

[illegible]

SCENES AT THE PRESIDENT'S DEATH-BED.

[illegible]

LAST MOMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT.

[illegible]

PRAYER WITH MRS. LINCOLN.

[illegible]

THE CABINET CONVENED IN AN ADJOINING ROOM.

Immediately after the President expired Secretary Stanton immediately convened the Cabinet in an adjoining room. What took place is of course a Cabinet secret.

A few minutes after the death of the President, Secretary Stanton dispatched one of his couriers to have the bells throughout the city rung. The order was executed without delay.

[illegible]

AUTOPSY ON THE BODY.

[illegible]

THE COFFIN OF THE PRESIDENT.

[illegible]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
BORN, FEB. 12, 1809,
DIED APRIL 15, 1865.

[illegible]

INAUGURATION OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

[illegible]

THE ATTEMPT TO CUT THE THROAT OF SECRETARY SEWARD.

[illegible]

THE ASSASSIN'S WEAPONS.

[illegible]

THE CABINET INFORMED OF THE TRAGIC OCCURRENCE.

[illegible]

"SEWARD IS SAFE."

[illegible]

HOW SECRETARY SEWARD RECEIVED THE [illegible] PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

[illegible]

THE COLORED PORTER.

[illegible]

THE NORTHERN ROAD.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON IN MOURNING.

[illegible]

PROVISIONS FOR ESCAPE.

[illegible]

Last Friday he called at the Kirkwood House, and inquired for the Vice-President, sending up his card

which, in the absence of Mr. Johnson, was received by his private Secretary, Mr. Browning.

Sketch of J. Wilkes Booth.

We have taken pains to obtain as much information as possible regarding the antecedents of the prominent actor in the fearful tragedy which excites the universal sorrow of the nation, and interesting details concerning the immediate relatives of the suspected party. John Wilkes Booth, whose name has been so unexpectedly brought into prominence before the country, in connection with the murder of the President, has heretofore been somewhat favorably known as a tragic actor. He is the third son of the well known English actor, Lucius Junius Booth, the rival of the elder Kean, and who, in disgust, on being designated a copyist of that eminent tragedian, left his native land to seek his fortunes in the New World. The marked eccentricities of the elder Booth are familiar to all old play-goers. While his talent is undisputed, his warmest admirers will scarcely deny that his actions at times approached to the verge of *dementia*. To such an extent was he under the influence of some hereditary influence, that it is said he was wont to disentomb the remains of his young [illegible] and re-habilitate them in the couch of his [illegible] wife. He left four sons and one daughter, [illegible] wife of Mr. John S. Clarke, of Philadelphia. The three oldest adopted the stage as a profession, and Junius Brutus and Edwin have secured a merited reputation and ample remuneration by their histrionic success. The youngest, Joseph, studied medicine, some say, but we know he was agent for his brother Edwin. He is at present, we understand, in Australia, and not in Georgia, as erroneously stated in some of the daily papers. In fact, he left this country prior to the breaking out of hostilities between the North and South. John Wilkes Booth, the immediate subject of our remarks, was born near Belle Air, Harford County, Maryland, in the year 1838. His rearing and education were carefully attended to, and a portion of the latter was received at St. Timothy's Hall, in Catonsville, Maryland, and his tuition was completed in 1857, at the Newton University, in the city of Baltimore. His grandfather was an English politician of the ultra-radical school. He is said to have been quite Jacobinical in his views, and the tendency of his sentiment may be gauged from the high-sounding republican designation—Lucius Junius—he bestowed upon the father of the subject of this notice. He, brought up in an atmosphere of political extremes, called his third son—the suspected murderer of the President—after the notorious English radical politician, John Wilkes, whose public and private profligacies were excoriated by the celebrated anonymous letter-writer—Junius. Wilkes was member of Parliament for the County of Middlesex, and was expelled the House of Commons for libel and corrupt practices. A writ for a new election was ordered, and the result at the hustings was the triumphant re-election of Wilkes, who took his seat in Parliament in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Government. Wilkes was ugly in person, and most dissolute in his habits; principle, he had none. Speaking of him Dr. Johnston said that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel;" and Junius remarked that "If Wilkes had not been persecuted he would be contemptible." Such was the man after whom John Wilkes Booth has been in part named, and there exists, as between the two men, some traits in common. Physically no resemblance could be traced, for the one was repulsive as a satyr, while the other presents many of the personal graces of an Adonis and Hercules combined. It is in an ungovernable proclivity to the indulgence of illicit passion that the two John Wilkes are so much alike. Booth is a young man possessing marked personal attractions, as may be fully realized from his portrait, which is given in another column. He is some five feet eight inches in height, has a well made muscular form, has been a practiced athlete, and has given forcible demonstrations of fistic capability ere this, by clearing out bar-rooms when angered and under the influence of liquor. He was one of the best pistol shots in the country, and a young man of remarkable nerve in every emergency. Only a few days before his arrival in Washington he had made a splendid throwing shot in Boston, firing between his legs and hitting the target so exactly in the center that the proprietor of the gallery preserved it as [illegible]. While conversing in a Cincinnati bar-[illegible] a few months ago, with a Colonel of artillery, [illegible] was challenged by the latter to hit his hand at fifty paces, the Colonel placing his hand against the door. Drawing a Derringer and pacing the prescribed distance, the young actor turned and fired at sight, putting the ball [illegible] the door between the second and third fingers of the Colonel's [illegible] to an extent that would [illegible] attention anywhere. His features are regular, of the classic [illegible], his eyes black and hair dark, soft, and curly. In youth he showed no especial predisposition for the stage, seldom indulged in declamatory exercises, but was wont to harangue his schoolmates, in stump speeches evincing much fluency of expression, power and originality. When he approached to manhood he was following no particular avocation, but then we find him donning the sock and buskin, attracted to the stage by the signal success of his brothers Edwin and Junius. It is said that he made his theatrical debut in Philadelphia in 1856. In 1859—60 he was a leading actor at Montgomery, Alabama, where many looked upon him as not entirely sane. Wounding himself accidentally in the foot, he came North for the sake of his health. Shortly after his arrival here he made his first appearance in this city at the now Broadway—then Wallack's old theatre—Miss Mary Provost then being its manager. He has also played star engagements at the Boston Atheneum, and at many of the leading theatres of the country; but on the whole cannot be said to have achieved any very decided success. He has lacked study or preparation, and hence although possessing histrionic ability has failed to make his mark, and was merely classed by good critics as a careless actor, indifferent to judicious advice. The most successful of his stage impersonations was his father's great part of Richard the Third, and on one occasion in the rendering of it he displayed an amount of muscularity that sent the Richmond of the night sprawling among the musicians in the orchestra. We find him playing in Boston in 1860—61, his ways being then (as an informant tells us) vicious and somewhat boyish. The frail fair ones early became the load star of his existence, and devotion to "the [illegible] god" was not wanting. At that time, however, he did not indulge in vulgar drinking bouts; then his favorite and customary tipple was champagne. Leaving Boston in company with the notorious and beautiful Fanny Brown the actress, as his *chere amie*, he travelled through the country playing engagements at different points and with varying pecuniary results. He was generally a favorite in the profession, being esteemed a genial, social, generous, good hearted fellow, but very "fast," and in addition to his popularity with the men, his success among the women of his acquaintance was of a remarkably decided character. He is excessively vain, and always seemed to think that the Booth family constituted the cap-sheaf of the histrionic profession. He has not appeared on the stage since last November, on which occasion he appeared in conjunction with his brothers Junius and Edwin, and E. Varrey, in the celebrated Shakespearean tragedy of Julius Cæsar. On that occasion he assumed the *rôle* of Marc Anthony, Edwin appearing as Brutus, Junius as Cassius, and Mr. Varrey as Cæsar. It is said that on that evening, when delivering Marc Anthony's celebrated speech upon the death of Cæsar, he interpolated the Virginia motto—"*Sic semper tyrannis*," an expression to which he constantly gave utterance since the commencement of our national troubles. Indeed, he never concealed the fact that his political proclivities were entirely with the Southern Rebels throughout the progress of the strife; but at the same time, unless when under the influence of liquor (which was not unfrequent) he avoided the discussion of public questions, and was chary in the expression of his sentiments, except among his most intimate friends. We notice in the daily papers a good deal of random talk about Booth's having exhibited recently in a drinking saloon, a notched belt, with which he declared he intended to shoot the President; and also a statement as to his having used violent gestures and language respecting Mr. Lincoln at the late inauguration ball in Washington. All that may be true enough; but his motive for the perpetration of the atrocious act of which he is accused, could not arise from any identity of interests with the South that have been impaired in the progress of events during the last four years. Booth's material interests lay at the North, he being an extensive operator in the oil region of Pennsylvania, and having acquired within a few months past a fortune of some hundred thousand dollars.

The following particulars, none of which have appeared in the notices that have been published in the daily journals, concerning the antecedents of the supposed assassin, we have received from two parties well acquainted with him, and, doubtless will be read with interest in this connection. Imprimis, we will state that one of our informants tells us that John Wilkes Booth was a very slave to a proclivity for the indulgence of his almost insatiable amorous propensities. So susceptible was he in this regard that any woman could captivate him. When on his theatrical tour through the country, accompanied by Miss Fanny Brown, he exhibited some little regard for her shaky reputation, as, when they stopped at hotels, Miss Fanny, for the sake of decency of appearance, was wont to room with an accompanying female friend. The latter appears to have been a very convenient adjunct to Miss Brown, in the maintenance of the latter's warm and extra friendly relations with the captivating John Wilkes Booth. The mode of procedure was somewhat in this wise: Nocturnal slumber having overtaken the weary eyelids of the attaches and guests of the hotel at which this amorous trio sojourned, incontinently Miss Fanny entered into a business consultation with her feminine companion which always ended in a temporary dissolution of partnership, the affliction of which she found comfort for in the adjoining chamber of the handsome and enticing John. The deserted feminine partner, however, was not left to muse in mournful solitude, for upon the adjournment of Fanny, partnership relations continuing till morning were forthwith entered into with a facile male friend.

John Wilkes and Miss Fanny acted at the theatres as they progressed on their journey. When the houses were good, at the close of the performance the partners and friends generally had a festive "jamboree;" a "whisky sour" was their simple refreshment when the receipts and attendance had been slim. Prior to Booth's intimacy with Fanny Brown, he was deeply enamored of Jenny Hopple, a well known Boston courtezan. In fact this horrible assassin appears to have been the slave of gross, sensual passion. His ungovernable proclivity to such indulgence, and positive addiction to intoxicating liquors, no doubt have impaired his mental capacity, and done much to superinduce the frame of mind which has compassed, perpetrated and attempted crimes among the most atrocious on record.

When under the influence of liquor he was free in the utterance of his secession sentiments, though, as we have remarked before, at other times, unless among intimates, he was carefully reticent. A week ago last Friday, Booth was seen drinking freely in the well-known saloon in Houston street known as "The House of Lords." He was there festivating (to coin a word,) with a friend, named Sam Chester, a well-known actor of the metropolitan theatres. He was much engaged in conversation with a Boston friend engaged in oil operations, and with whom he maintained business relations. On that occasion Booth accused his Boston friend of not having acted on the square with him—that while he (Booth,) was traveling through the country play-acting, and the other was on the spot, the Bostonian took advantage of him in regard to the business in which they were mutually interested. On the occasion referred to Booth appeared to have been drinking freely, but withal, was calm in his manner of discourse. The friend whom we have mentioned was taking care of him. Booth's eminent brother, Edwin, the celebrated tragedian, has always been a firm Union man—so strong, indeed, are his political feelings, that we know he has been classed in the category of extreme radicals. With extreme regret we learned from a well posted informant that the intelligence of the brother's horrible crime so shocked Edwin, that a mental abberation (but temporary, we trust,) was the immediate consequence.

Indeed, last Saturday, on the receipt of the sad intelligence from Washington, he exhibited all the appearance of a crazy man, talked incoherently, stating to Manager Jarrot, with whom he was playing an engagement, that he had seen his brother John Wilkes twenty minutes before—a physical impossibility, considering the separation of Boston and Washington city. The oldest of the four brothers—Junius Brutus Booth—is considered to be a good actor, and is an estimable citizen, with strong Union proclivities. Last week he was fulfilling an engagement at Pike's Theatre in Cincinnati, but the telegraph informs us that on the reception of the shocking news from Washington he was obliged to flee in haste. The youngest brother, Joseph, as we have before stated, is in Australia, and went there prior to the breaking out of the rebellion. As to his political views we know nothing, and whatever they may be is quite immaterial.

Edwin is in partnership with his brother-in-law, J. S. Clark (who married his sister) in the management of the Winter Garden theatre, Broadway. They have taken the Walnut street theatre, Philadelphia, for the next season. We have stated that John Wilkes Booth was [illegible] "The House of Lords" [illegible] April [illegible]. Well, on the subsequent [illegible], then playing [illegible] Jarrett. It would appear that the two brothers had some discussion upon political topics, and it is confidently asserted that John's last words to his brother were: "Good-by, Ned; you and I never could agree upon this question." But as going to show the patriotic bent of Edwin's mind, and the utter improbability of his entertaining a particle of sympathy with the bloody act of his misguided relative, we may recall to the recollection of our readers the emphatic, most forcible point which Edwin was wont to make when playing the part of the great Cardinal Richelieu:

> "First, all methods to conciliate,
> Failing these, all means to crush."

THE ASSASSIN OF MR. SEWARD.

John Surratt, the supposed would-be assassin of Mr. Seward, hails from Prince George's county, Md., and is the son of a post master of that county.

EXCITEMENT IN WALL STREET AND AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE LAST SATURDAY—UNPRECEDENTED PUBLIC MEETING.

From an early hour the greatest excitement prevailed in Wall street, and the national calamity was on the lips of every person, young and old; on every corner could be seen groups of people discussing the unparalleled misfortune which the country had sustained in the loss of its Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln.

The Sub-Treasury was closed from about noon. No business was transacted in the early part of the day except the payment of drafts. The doors and windows were draped in mourning, as was also a portrait of the late President in the Treasurer's room. In the Custom House business was entirely suspended, and the sad and mournful looks of the employes throughout the building betokened the misfortune which has befallen the country. Business was completely suspended in the street, and the fronts of the principal buildings were covered with mourning. The excitement could not have been greater under any circumstances. The hanging of Jeff Davis and all the leaders of the rebellion was discussed on every side. "What?" said some people, "shall Abraham Lincoln be murdered and such a wretch as Davis be allowed to escape?" said a hundred voices within hearing. As regards the feeling that existed amongst the people in relation to the leaders of the rebellion, there was but one opinion, and that was, "Show them no leniency, but hang them all!"

Of all the public meetings or gatherings on Saturday last that which convened in front of

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE

was the most notable, embracing, as it did, not less than twenty-five to thirty thousand people. Collector Draper had in response to requests from hundreds of citizens, caused the announcement that a [illegible] meeting would be held in front of the building at 12 o'clock. The merchants of New-York have for many years been in the habit of gathering at the old Merchants' Exchange in Wall-street, and whenever any event of startling moment or significance is made public, instinctively the great mass of people doing business at the lower part of the city turn toward that point, as if knowing that the attraction of so vast an audience would certainly draw the desired orators. On this occasion Wall and William, Beaver and Broad streets, sympathized with Broadway and the upper portions of the city. The glorious banner which floats daily from the spire of Trinity still yielded gracefully to the breeze, but it hung at half-mast, sorrowing with hundreds of others on the street at the head of which this noble structure stands. Great crowds of men met on the street before the old Exchange, their faces uniformly grave, their eyes wet with sympathetic tears, their hearts burdened with unfeigned sorrow, their anxiety for further details keenly evinced by the avidity with which they purchased each successive extra; one and all sought relief in the true American channel—a public demonstration. At 11 o'clock the streets on three sides of the Exchange were packed with excited citizens, who indignant at the insult offered the nation, mourned most heartily the loss of the President, and apparently needed only a leader to do anything and everything to avenge the one and testify the other. One or two incidents, trifling to themselves, revealed the depth of the indignation felt, rendering it at once an impolitic and dangerous matter for any one differing with the majority in sentiment.

It appears that a man named Charles Anderson who was known to Mr. Vermilye, a broker and banker of Wall-street, approached Mr. Vermilye, while he was talking with two or three friends.

After some remarks had been made in regard to the news of the morning, Mr. Anderson said he did not think men who had sympathized with the secession movement should be held responsible for the assassination, Mr. Vermilye differed with him, and in his reply said he did not think any sympathizer with the rebels could feel right to-day; and that he (Mr. Vermilye) did not wish to continue a conversation with such a person. He then left Mr. Anderson and went into his place of business. A few persons who had overheard what had been said gathered in front of the building, and Mr. Anderson saw that a storm was coming. It is reported that he ran into the office behind Mr. Vermilye, and escaped through the back part of the building.

The crowd increased and became more excited. It was reported that Anderson had defended the assassination. There were frequent cries: "Bring him out," "Let's have him." Some men demanded that he should be hanged. Finally, the crowd filled the street; vehicles which were compelled to stop were covered with men, and the excitement became intense. The police were scarcely able to restrain the crowd, and the determination to seize Anderson, and treat him as it was held he deserved, became fully apparent. Afterward, it was decided to enter the building and find him. Just then, however, a squad of police appeared, and for the time prevented this movement. At this point Moses H. Grinnell appeared on the steps of the Bank of North America, which is in the building, No. 44, and after some investigation as to the cause of the excitement, and an explanation, he addressed the crowd, by request of the police.

Mr. Grinnell spoke of the gathering and the cause of it, and said he did not wonder at the intense excitement that was occasioned by the rumor that the murder of the Chief Magistrate had been defended by a man who had, according to the rumor, taken refuge in the building around which so many men were now assembled. [Cries of "Bring him out! hang him!"] Mr. Grinnell then repeated the words used by Anderson, and said there was a vast difference between the expressions actually made and those that had been reported. Mr. Grinnell then exhorted the crowd to act in a considerate manner, and like wise citizens. Though all hearts, he said, were overwhelmed with sorrow, all men should stand for the right. If, however, our rulers were to be assassinated for doing the right, traitors must understand that the time has come for every man to buckle on his armor. [Vehement cheering.]

Mr. Grinnell then alluded to Mr. Johnson, who was to take the place of the Chief Magistrate, [cries—"Nobody can take it,"] saying that he firmly believed that the nation would find that it possessed in Mr. Johnson a jewel whose worth could not be overestimated. [Great applause and cries, "We will support him." "Let him hang the traitors."] Mr. Grinnell concluded his remarks by advising the crowd to disperse, and the street was soon cleared by the aid of the police.

Another person, quite likely insane, declared that it was a good thing, one of the best that could have happened to the country. He would have continued in this strain, probably, until his head was broken in or his life taken, had not some one of the banking house of Vermilyea & Co. seized him by the arm and taken him into the office.

MEETING AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

In the Collector's office were assembled Ex-Gov. King, Judge Pierpont, Hon. M. F. Odell, Sam'l Sloan, Recorder Hoffman, Gen. Peck, Geo. Ullman, Mr. Hotaling, Mr. Wm. M. Evarts, Hon. Daniel S. Dickenson, Capt. Drake DeKay and others of our prominent citizens. These gentlemen had met for the purpose of joining with Mr. Draper in a set of resolutions appropriate to the occasion; in fact, this was to have been the scene of the day's demonstrations. The people, however, willed it otherwise, and the silent presence of tens of thousands of citizens effectually demonstrated that there must be a *public* meeting, one at which all who desired might partake.

While preparations were making for the meeting which it was determined to hold, a loud shout was heard, and a great rush was seen in the street. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, and for a moment it seemed as if the people had forgotten their grief, and were remembering only the great victories of the republic. Presently, however,

MAJOR GEN. BUTLER

entered the room, and the occasion of the demonstration was patent. Collector Draper received the General courteously, and introduced to him the twenty or thirty gentlemen present, to whom Gen. Butler communicated the latest word as received at the War Department.

The hour of noon having arrived, Mr. Draper led the way to the balcony, before which, far up and down the street, stood at least 20,000 people. Most [illegible] announcement from the officers. [illegible]

Advancing to the front, Mr. Draper said: "Gentlemen, please come to order, and Gen. Wetmore will present a list of officers, and read to you a series of resolutions which it seemed fitting for us to pass at this meeting."

The officers were accordingly presented, including President, Vice-Presidents and Secretaries, and unanimously accepted, the Hon. Simeon Draper being nominated to preside. A set of highly appropriate yet most rigorously worded resolutions were then read, during which the reader was frequently interrupted with the stormiest applause, when they were adopted without a dissenting voice. The tone of the resolutions and the temper in which they were received, may be caught from the following resolutions:

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the mysterious dispensation which thus afflicts us, as men and citizens, we must express the anguish and grief which fill our hearts, that the death of Abraham Lincoln is a calamity not to the nation alone, but to the civilized world. [Great applause.]

Resolved, That we tender to the officer, upon whom by this sad calamity the Executive authority devolves, our sympathies in the trying position in which he is placed, and the assurance of our cordial and unwavering support in the measures which, guided by Divine wisdom, he may adopt for the speedy accomplishment of the great objects for which his lamented predecessor labored and then died. [Immense applause.]

Gen. Wetmore then came forward, and, after a few remarks to the assembled thousands, on the character of the monster crime and the great bereavement the nation had been so suddenly called upon to mourn, he observed, "let us all unite, fellow citizens, with the

REV. DR. VERMILYE,

who will lead us in prayer."

The reverend gentleman stood upon the balcony's edge, while the crowd, uncovered, bent their heads and followed the speaker in the accompanying petition: "Our Father, God of Heaven and Earth, Who at all times presided over the destinies of our nation, we approach Thee humbly, penitently and in great despondency, praying that Thou who wert the God of our Fathers, will not desert us in our time of need. We pray that we may meekly and lovingly submit to the decrees of Thy Providence and to Thy Holy Will, knowing that all things will turn to the good of them that serve the Lord. Though hast taken from us, oh, our Father, the strong staff on which we have been wont to lean; but we most fully realize that this event could not have transpired without Thy Divine permission, and all the people are uniting, saying, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth good in His sight.' Oh, Lord, we know from our fathers that thou hast been faithful in the past, and we can trust Thee for the present. We know what was done in the olden time; how we were brought through the fiery troubles and landed in safety and prosperity on the hither side of peace, and looking to the loving arm of strength for help in this dark hour of suffering, we place implicit confidence, unwavering faith in Thee. Remember, we beseech Thee, in Thy great mercy, the family of the deceased President; bless and comfort, protect and shield them; carry them tenderly through this dark shadow of Thy providence, and sustain them by the consolations of Thy love. And we meekly beseech Thee to turn the hand of death from the Secretary of State; spare his life, oh Lord, if it be consistent with Thy will—spare his life for future usefulness to his fellows, and for the great good of his sorrowing country. And may the Vice President, upon whom is thrust thus unexpectedly the vast responsibilities of a nation's trust, be found equal to the task prepared for the great weight Thou has placed upon him. May the Lord be his help and his stay; may all good people rally about him, encourage and sustain him in this time of awful trial. Aid us in maintaining the supremacy of law and right; aid us in removing causes of dissension from among the people, and aid us in attaining a spirit of humility and penitence before the Lord our Maker. Be with us during the further proceedings of the meeting—direct our words and actions for the lasting good of the people, and extend thy kindly protection above and over us all. Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; lead us not into temptation, deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer was repeated in unison by the great gathering, and as the sound of many voices rolled up to the heavens, the bright sun, hitherto concealed by the clouds, broke forth with renewed splendor, dazzling the eye, as if responsive from the Giver of all Good to the petitions of his servants.

SPEECHES.

A succession of speeches were then made by a number of our most distinguished citizens, each of course, discussing the great subject that engrossed all thoughts from his own individual stand point. The aspects presented of the prevailing subject were as various as the habits of the speakers, yet, all harmonized round a common centre of the profoundest sorrow over the lamented dead and unutterable horror at the nameless atrocities of the rebellion. It was observed, however, that the sternest sentiments were the most warmly and generally applauded. Among the speakers who addressed the multitude were Ex-Governor King, Judge Edwards Pierpont, Gen. Butler, D. S. Dickinson, Gen. Peck, Moses [illegible], Hon. L. E. Crittenden, Gen. Walbridge, [illegible], Senator Fessenden, and others. [illegible] the temper of the meeting we subjoin [illegible] extracts from the speeches—all that we have space for. We give the following from the speech of Gen. Butler:

Other rebellions in other lands have begun in assassination, have been inaugurated by the assassin's knife, but it would appear that it has been left for free America to exhibit a spectacle of a rebellion crushed in life, in strength, in form and shape, reviving its soul by assassination and death. With blind hatred, characteristic of the rebellion, they have struck down the most forgiving, generous, lenient, kind-hearted friend the [illegible] had. ("That's so." "True to the letter," and applause.) If the rebels can do a deed like this to the kind, good, generous, tender-hearted ruler, whose every thought was purity, whose every desire a [illegible] and peace. What shall be done to them in [illegible] who guided the assassin's knife? (The scene at this moment was most exciting. As one man the whole multitude cried aloud, "Hang them!" [illegible] "Vengeance!" "Vengeance!" The uproar grew terrific, no one voice was heard, but like the rush of many waves, the congregated masses shouted in unison for retribution.) Shall we have peace in fact, or peace in name? ("In fact.")

GEN. GARFIELD,

made the most stirring speech, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm, eliciting [illegible] and tremendous shouts of applause as Wall street has hitherto never echoed. Among other things he said:

I left the City of Washington bright and blazing with the illuminations in honor of the victories of the nation's armies. I arrived here and find the city in gloom and despondency, its people sad and sorrowing with a great grief. What a contrast; what a fearful, terrible, significant transition. The spirit of rebellion, goaded to its last madness, has [illegible] done itself a mortal injury, striking down with treacherous blow the kindest, gentlest, tenderest friend the people of the South could find among the rulers of the nation. [That's so. Applause.] [illegible] seem, if I can say it without irreverence, that the tragedy almost parallels that of the Son of God, who, saying, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." So here the rebellion has removed the barrier between themselves and justice. Implacable [applause] and he, dying with words of tenderness and magnanimity upon his lips [illegible] had done. In taking [illegible] left the

[illegible]

to fall upon them. [Great applause.] Mercy and love are on the front of His throne, but justice and vengeance sit behind. And [illegible] mercy—then comes justice with [illegible] with the sword and the scales, and to her hands the rebellion now to be given up. [From every [illegible] ing wound of our dead chief, from every stab upon the Secretary of State, a voice goes up as of a people in their majesty, saying, "let this my house be swept and garnished—let it be purged of this accursed thing." [Great applause.] For mere vengeance I would do nothing; but for the security of the future I would do anything. [Applause.] Go with me to the battle-field, on many of which [illegible] the honor to stand and see the graves of the [illegible] soldiers of the Republic. From their bright spirits do you not hear the words, "we have submitted to you a high charge, let it not be that we have died in vain. It is not in the American character to become assassins like the people of France and Italy. Gen. Lee and his officers would not sanction this act, but I, they the red lightnings of the people's vengeance will not forget them. [Great applause.] My heart is too full to speak more. I have been stopping with a member of the Cabinet in Washington, and he said to me, I love our President more and more every time I see him. I find there is no point he [illegible] not considered, no suggestion possible with which he is unfamiliar. He has slept on and watched over [illegible] matter connected with the South, and has [illegible] considered the entire case [illegible] than any person I know of." And this man has gone—and yet though he is dead, he remains [illegible] your President and mine to-day. Let us remember him, let us emulate him, let us love him [illegible] honor and reverencing him for himself not only, but for the labors he has performed, and the sacrifices he has made for our dear country's sake." [Great applause.]

SPEECH OF HON. WM. P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE.

He said it was his fortune to be a member of the thirty-seventh Congress, and [illegible] the honor of being acquainted with the President of the United States, whose loss we now mourn. [illegible] him but to love and admire him. [illegible] together on the steps of the office of the Secretary of State, seeing him look weary, [illegible] to him, "Mr. President, the people of the United States are praying that God would spare your life to see the end of this rebellion." It was a [illegible] you cannot say that a man's life has been glorious until you see how he died. We have seen, to-day, how Abraham Lincoln has died. Let us pray to God that He spare our lives, and let us [illegible] of our country that the war be [illegible] to the end, until every traitor is punished [illegible] Jeff. Davis. [Loud cries of [illegible] applause.] There is one [illegible] formed by this vast assembly [illegible] should be done, and which is [illegible] solution which I will now read—

Resolved, That this meeting [illegible] bereavement in the death of Abraham [illegible] commend to the citizens of New [illegible] the usual badge of mourning [illegible]

The resolution was [illegible] call of the chairman.

NEARLY LYNCHED.

Just after the Wall street meeting [illegible] or three policemen were seen [illegible] dragging with them a man [illegible] beneath him. "What is it?" [illegible] crowd, breathless with excitement [illegible] the answer rapidly passed from [illegible]. That word was enough. In [illegible] excited throng surrounded the [illegible] prisoner, and hoarse shouts of [illegible] him!" "Hang the b— up!" were raised at every step. The numbers and vehemence of the mob increased. Explanations were neither asked nor offered. A thirst for vengeance seemed to have taken possession of every soul. It was felt that some one ought to be hanged, and there was a disposition to begin upon the first available person.

As the officers turned down [illegible] street toward the First precinct police station, the murmurs of the crowd rose thicker and fiercer. Just beyond the station house a scaffold pole [illegible] presented itself, and the prisoner's face, already blanched with terror, turned whiter as he saw the crowd pressing forward in that direction. Fortunately for him the police station intervened between him and this suggestive object. By a dexterous movement he was pushed inside the door, just as the crowd closed in for a final rush. Never was man more willingly secured. Missiles were thrown at the police, and for some time afterwards an excited crowd surrounded the station. It appears that the man, who gives his name as Jas. McKenzie, is a resident of Williamsburg, and was standing in front of the Post Office when he recognized a friend passing by, and said to him, "Did you hear of Abe's last joke?" The remark was overheard by some persons standing near, who immediately raised the cry of "secession," and had it not been for the timely arrival of Alexander Stewart and J. S. Walling, who were detailed for special duty at the Post Office, the unfortunate man would have been immediately lynched.

As it was, he was badly beaten about the head, and when our reporter left he was suffering very acutely.

MEETING IN NASSAU STREET—GEN. BURNSIDE.

At three o'clock General Burnside was noticed by a large concourse who assembled in front of the Post office, and he was immediately surrounded and called on for a speech. In response the General addressed the crowd from the steps of one of the buildings. He said: I feel too much grieved, my friends, to express any lengthy remarks on this sad occasion. I am too much overcome by my own feelings to do justice to the memory of our good and talented President, and I will not attempt the task. We have been called on to mourn the death of our President. I think he had talent and [illegible] above any man of the age; I know he desired the sincere respect of every man, and I can also say that in his untimely death the South have lost their best friend. (Cries of "That's so," and applause.) I do not say, that you or the government [illegible] change your policy or mode of dealing with the [illegible]. We must all ask God to guide us in the hour of tribulation. It is our duty [illegible] to support the government and the new President, Andrew Johnson. (Applause.)

The General then retired [illegible] crowd [illegible] for several minutes.

A DIALOGUE ON PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

Previous to this address General Burnside was accosted by a friend in William street, who was the centre of a colloquial group of gentlemen, and being aware of his intimacy with Mr. Johnson, asked him about his character as a citizen, and his fitness for the high office which has devolved on him. The annexed dialogue then occurred:

Inquirer: Can we trust Andrew Johnson as President? Is he intemperate?

General Burnside promptly replied: I know Andrew Johnson well. He was Military Governor of Tennessee, when I commanded in the West. For some time he was in Louisville and Cincinnati, when I met him at all hours of the day and night, and in most important consultations, and I can say I never saw him taste liquor of any kind, and never saw him when I thought he had tasted liquor. He was no drunkard then. In my opinion he is a true, loyal and talented statesman.

OTHER SPEAKERS.

While this scene was being enacted another meeting was held in Liberty street, which was addressed by several gentlemen—all of whom were selected from the concourse to deliver speeches because of their fluency in speaking to the groups who surrounded them. One of the speakers was announced as Mr. Hunt, of New Jersey. The bloody act they met that day to deplore showed them the men they had to deal with. They had to deal with assassins. Their good President, after a career of leniency and mercy to the South, fell last night by a murderer's hand. Let them ask them who assassinated him? A secessionist, who dared not enter the field to fight—but stole behind his back, and coward-like shot him in the head. My friends, the act is the result of the barbarism which slavery created. Men used to lash and whip their fellow-creatures will not balk

[illegible]

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1865.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

One of the chief corner-stones of Constitutional liberty is the freedom of the Press. It has been held to be a right too sacred to be interfered with, and it has been asserted and re-asserted whenever the occasion offered. The freedom of the Press was especially guarded, in respect to the right to criticise and condemn the acts of public officers. In Pennsylvania, though the law of libel, which was a copy of the old English law, made the truth a libel, it was reserved as a right to give the truth in evidence, in the case of public officers; and though the question was gravely argued before the Court of Quarter Sessions, when Judge King was on the bench, whether a policeman was a public officer in the meaning of the law, I think no court would have undertaken to say that the acts of policemen were not fit matters for newspaper condemnation. It seems that certain of our policemen are determined if possible to muzzle the Press, by assaulting and by threatening to kill those who have the independence to denounce their acts, and they expect to be shielded in their course by those who are above them in position. It is but a few days since a member of the Press, was assaulted by a half drunken policeman, at the Central station in the presence of the Chief of Police Ruggles, who, instead of locking the policeman up, immediately left the office as if to give the fellow an opportunity to renew the assault, as he did at once. If this is to be the game of the detective police let it be understood, so that it may be met in a right spirit. The same Constitution which secures the freedom of the Press, also gives every man the right to carry arms in his own defence; and to defend himself from assault. Judge Thompson, the presiding judge of the Quarter Sessions, has decided, over and over again, that a man is not to wait, when another approaches him with hostile intent, for a blow to be struck; especially is he not required to do so when he has reason to believe that the assailant means to do great bodily harm, if not to take life itself. But does it not show the acts of the police to be the proper subjects of comment and criticism, when assaults are committed in the same building in which the Mayor holds his levees, almost in his hearing, and when those assaults are accompanied by the vilest language that tongue can give utterance to—such language as befits the associates of professional thieves, and such society as may be found in the dens they frequent. I would ask, does the Mayor think such things proper, as his Chief seems to do? Does he, the high toned, moral Mayor of the great city of Philadelphia approve of assaults on citizens by half drunken policemen in his own office? If so, let it be known and published to the world. Let it be known that the men appointed and paid to keep and preserve the public peace, are to be themselves the first violators of it. If aught appears in the columns of a newspaper, reflecting upon the conduct or character of a police officer, and that police officer feels that he has been unjustly censured, or improperly condemned, he has his remedy. It is presumed the law will protect his character from unjust imputation, as it does his person from assault. Of all public officers, it has seemed to me that policemen are the most proper subjects of newspaper criticism and denunciation when they deserve it. More than half a million of dollars are expended yearly to support a police force in Philadelphia, and I venture to say that in no other department is so much money absolutely thrown away. Unless the force is an efficient one—unless the lieutenants are compelled to attend to their duties, and the sergeants to theirs—how can it be expected that the men will perform their duty honestly? So of the detective force. If left to take care of itself, it will, of course, become either grossly corrupt, or wholly inefficient. That ours is one or the other, or both of these, the boldness and daring of professional thieves of Philadelphia conclusively proves. I attribute the condition of the police force of Philadelphia to the inefficiency of Chief Ruggles, who contents himself with reviews at stated periods, when the men are fixed up for the occasion. Such a supervision of the police force as this, is a gross libel upon the name of Chief. I would ask him whether it is not within his knowledge, that, at least, one lieutenant of police is derelict in his duty? Whether he does not know that there are policemen on the force, of intemperate habits, and of brutal instincts? Whether he has not seen an assault committed [illegible] without so much as reproving him for it? When he answers [illegible] will be prepared to ask others. In the meantime, I would ask the citizens of Philadelphia to ponder well on the present condition of things in the city, and ask themselves if a change be not absolutely necessary. However high-minded and honorable a Mayor may be, however much he may be respected for his virtues, and admired for his patriotism, no considerations [illegible] of positive public duty. It is certain that a change will not be made—such a change as is required by the present chief magistrate of the city. A retention of Mayor Henry in office would be a retention of the entire force under him; it would be in effect an approval of the course he has pursued. But whether he be retained in office or not, the freedom of the Press shall be maintained. No threats, no assaults by half-drunken policemen, ought to be allowed to intimidate those who feel that they are performing a conscientious duty in exposing inefficiency, and denouncing corruption in public officers. There is no more suitable time than this to assert the rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and to defend them, if necessary, as the sacredness of the person from assault.

CONSIDERATION FOR PROFESSIONAL THIEVES.

Our detective police is a model force in all respects. The members of it evince a regard for professional thieves, which seems out of place in one whose business it is to put rogues out of the way of temptation, but which is to be attributed to their fine feelings. If a professional is wanted at the Central Station, he is not arrested—oh no; that was the old fashioned way of doing things, when there was a direct antagonism between thieves and thief-catchers; but he is politely informed that he is wanted, and requested to attend at a given hour. When he calls he is invited into the Rogues' Gallery—a very fitting place it must be confessed, for him—but as it is a loafing place for the detectives, why of course he feels no repugnance to being there. Should he not be identified, and an opportunity has been given him in the mean time to change his dress, and also his whole appearance, the Alderman walks into the gallery and informs him that he can go. Then again detective police are to be found in the company of thieves, not as officer and thief, but associates, occupying the same platform, the same moral and social scale. So frequent is this thing seen, that it is difficult at times to tell which is the thief and which is the officer. This course is defended on the ground that it is never too late for a man to reform, and that he should not be shunned as a leper, even though a professional thief, that

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

Such considerations may actuate our detectives, but I very much doubt it. My own opinion is, that personal gain is the motive that prompts associations between professional thieves and detective officers, and I look upon the detective officer who is seen in the company of professionals as one of them, a sharer in their plunder, and an equal in their guilt.

VIDOCQ.

Foreign Criminal News.

Court of Divorce.

POLLARD V. POLLARD AND HEMMING.

Dillon Gustavus Pollard prayed for a dissolution of his marriage with Rebecca Pollard, on the ground of her adultery with Frederick Shand Hemming, and claimed damages.

The respondent and the co-respondent denied the charge.

The Solicitor General and Dr. Tristram appeared for the petitioner; Mr. Hoil for the respondent; and Mr. Digby Seymour, Q. C., and Dr. Swabey for the co-respondent.

The petitioner, Colonel Pollard, and the respondent, who was formerly a Miss Dysart, are members of good families in Ireland. They were married in February, 1850, the petitioner being then a lieutenant in the Madras Infantry, and in April, 1850, they went together to India. They lived together in different parts of India, and had three children. In 1855 Mrs. Pollard came to England with her daughters for the benefit of her health, and remained until August, 1857, when she rejoined her husband in India, and had a third child, a boy. In 1861 her health again gave way, and she was obliged to pay another visit to England. She arrived in March, 1861, and after staying for some with her relatives in Ireland she came to London in September, 1862, and took a house in Clifton road, St. John's wood. Her children and her sister, Miss Dysart, lived with her. In November, 1863, Colonel Pollard arrived in England and went to the house in the Clifton-road, and found that his wife had left. He was amazed, and knew not what to think of it. He was, however, somewhat relieved on receiving the following note through Messrs. Smith and Elder, his agents. It was without date, and was as follows:

"My own darling Dillon—Come at once to the London Bridge Hotel. You will find Willie and me there. I had to give up Clifton road. You could not have got my letters, or you would know all about it. The girls and Jane are in Derry; but I will tell you all when we meet.

"YOUR WIFE."

Colonel Pollard immediately went to the London Bridge Hotel, and learned, to his astonishment, that his wife had never been there. His doubt and uncertainty became still greater and more perplexed, but was terminated in a day or two by the receipt of another letter. It was written by Mrs. Pollard, and was forwarded through her sister, Jane Dysart. It had neither date nor proper beginning, and was as follows:

"I have deceived you dreadfully, and been utterly untrue to you. By the time this reaches you I shall be on the sea, hundreds of miles away. I shall write all particulars to Jane, who will tell you everything. REBECCA POLLARD."

A more astounding communication could not have been received by the petitioner. He had never doubted his wife's affections, but had always placed the most implicit faith and reliance on her. One more letter arrived from her. She had not courage to address it to her husband, and thus wrote it to her sister:

"My dearest Jane: I wish I could have spared you all the terrible pain and misery which I know this note will produce. When you read it I shall be gone thousands of miles away from him that loved me, and to whom I was attached sixteen years ago. You all know that for three years we were everything to each other, and that at the time of Conolly's marriage all was broken off between us. I had striven to forget it, and fancied I had long since done so, but this last year's almost daily intercourse has been more than unfortunate. It is my fate, and I cannot fight against it. I am most wretched at this terrible pain I am bringing on you. No words you can say will be half as much as I deserve. Be tender and kind to my darling girls. No one need know anything about this; there is no necessity that they should. Entreat Dillon to keep things quiet and out of the papers. Let him have mercy on me, and keep it from the children. Do anything, but keep it from them. Say I am gone to Madeira, dead, anything but let them not know of it. You will never see or hear from me again. Don't let Dillon curse me."

Colonel Pollard at once instituted inquiries, but in vain, to ascertain her whereabouts, and his son whom she had taken with her; and it was not until nine months afterwards, in August, 1864, that a detective officer discovered that she was living with Mr. Hemming, the co-respondent, at Parslow near Barking, in Essex. When so discovered that she had her little son, about seven years old, with her, and had also a young child at the breast, of which Mr. Hemming was the father.

The marriage and cohabitation were proved, and Mr. Pollard Urquhart, M. P., the petitioner's brother, and Miss Dysart and other witnesses were called to show that the petitioner and his wife had always lived on the most affectionate terms, and were apparently very much attached to each other. While he was in India he made her an allowance of £450 a year, and they kept up a constant correspondence. Several extracts from Mrs. Pollard's letters to Colonel Pollard in 1861, 1862, and up to August, 1863, were read, in all of which she addressed him in the most affectionate manner. It also appeared from the cross-examination of Miss Dysart that the respondent and Mr. Hemming had been acquainted before Colonel Pollard was introduced to her, that they became attached to one another, and were engaged to be married, but that the engagement was broken off before Colonel Pollard's introduction to her. Miss Dysart further stated that a quarrel had taken place between her brother and Mr. Hemming, and Mr. Hemming thereupon discontinued his visits to the house. Mr. Dysart, the brother, introduced Colonel Pollard to the respondent, and was anxious that she should marry him. Mr. Hemming was married about the same time as the respondent, and his wife died in 1861. Miss Dysart further proved that when Mrs. Pollard was in England in 1861 she saw Mr. Hemming's name and address in a newspaper, and called on him in Moorgate street, where he had an office, and was in business as a mining agent. She did not see him, and he called on her the next day. The house which Mrs. Pollard took in the Clifton road in 1862 was near the house in which Mr. Hemming and his mother lived. Mr. Hemming paid daily visits to Mrs. Pollard in the Clifton road, but no impropriety of any kind was noticed between them. Colonel Pollard is now about 45 years of age, Mrs. Pollard about 39, and Mr. Hemming about 40.

There was no defence to the charge of adultery.

The Solicitor General addressed the jury in aggravation of damages, and contended that the co-respondent, as a man of honor, ought not to have renewed his acquaintance with Mrs. Pollard while she was without the protection of her husband, [illegible] his previous acquaintance to alienate her affection from her husband, and to induce her to abandon her family and elope with him, and he ought therefore to pay exemplary damages.

Mr. D. Seymour, in mitigation of damages, urged that the real origin of the misfortune which had occurred was the marriage of Colonel Pollard with a lady who had formed a strong attachment to another person, and that, although Mr. Hemming's conduct in yielding to temptation when he met her again after the lapse of several years was wrong and indefensible, it was not attended with any circumstances of aggravation. He was a man of very moderate means, and he would be completely ruined by heavy damages.

The Judge Ordinary, in summing up, remarked that both the learned counsel had addressed them with great eloquence and ability on the question of damages, but with some exaggeration. On the one hand they would hardly think that the prior attachment between the respondent and the co-respondent was any justification of their conduct after the respondent had lived for ten or eleven years with her husband, and had been treated with the utmost affection by him, and had become the mother of three or four children. On the other hand, it did not appear that the co-respondent was a man of affluence, or that he had practiced any great skill and assiduity to seduce the respondent. No doubt his sin had been great, but the measure of damages was the loss which the husband had sustained. In estimating those damages they must consider the position of all the parties, their conduct, their temptations and opportunities, and all the circumstances of the case. There was no trace in the evidence that Colonel Pollard was aware at the time of the marriage that the respondent had ever been attached to another person, or that he was even aware of Mr. Hemming's existence. Mr. Hemming's position in life was left in some doubt, but although they would no doubt give larger damages where a co-respondent was a man of large fortune, still his position was not the measure of damages, for if he could not pay in purse he must pay in person. No suggestion had been made against the conduct of Colonel Pollard; he had treated his wife with kindness in every particular. It would be monstrous to say that he ought not to complain of the loss of his wife because before her marriage to him she had been engaged to Mr. Hemming—an engagement of which he was ignorant. Nothing was seen of Mr. Hemming between the breaking off of the engagement with him and 1861, when he took the fatal step of renewing his acquaintance with Mrs. Pollard. Knowing the state of his feeling towards her, and having some reason to know the state of her feelings towards him, what ought to have been his conduct? He ought to have hesitated long before he allowed himself to be drawn into an intimacy with her again. But he allowed her to take a house near his own residence, and he visited her daily. That was a most dangerous course, and it was not surprising that it ended in an elopement. The matter was entirely for them. The damages ought to express their sense of justice, not their indignation; they ought to be temperate, and at the same time sufficient.

Verdict for the petitioner. Damages £1,000.

Decree *nisi*, with costs against the co-respondent.

Extraordinary Freaks of Marriage.

The lovers of "romantic adventures" and strange "coincidences" will be entertained by a perusal of the following narrative, which appears in the *Tyrone Constitution*:—"In the village of Plumbridge, in this county, two rather curious episodes occurred at two weddings held there. In one case, the party was composed of the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their 'best man,' &c. They proceeded on foot from the house of the bride's father, a man named M'Bride, living in Glenelly, towards the chapel of Plumbridge, where the priest was awaiting their arrival to unite them in holy matrimony. The bride was, as is usual in such cases, conducted by the 'best man;' and had gone about half-way to the chapel when the bridegroom, thinking perhaps that the bride was paying too much attention to her 'best man,' became jealous. Consequently the 'best man' was ordered away. A scuffle ensued, when the 'best man' was thrown off the road into a ditch. The bride took the part of the 'best man,' and refused to go with her 'intended.' She said she would not marry him, but would have her 'best man' for her husband. The 'best man, ran back to the father of the bride, related what had happened, and, as had been suggested by the bride, asked his consent to take the place of the 'jealous' bridegroom. The father of the girl agreed to this new arrangement, when both immediately proceeded to Strabane, got a licence, came back to Plumbridge, and met the bride, who had steadfastly refused to her former pugilistic and jealous courtier. The next morning, in Plumbridge Roman-Catholic Chapel, she got married to her 'best man' of the preceding day. The rejected one, feeling he had come to a serious loss by the fickle fair one, determined to seek compensation for damage sustained, and next day proceeded to the bride's father's house, and took an inventory of all his effects as a preparatory step to proceedings for a breach of promise, which he has directed an attorney to institute for £350 damages. Now, for the second episode. On the same day, memorable in the local history of Plumbridge, is the fact that another bridegroom, named Kane, was conveying a young widow, named Coyle, to the same chaple, and from the same place, when they were met by an old lover, named Conway, whose latent love for the fair dame once more burned so fiercely that he leaped off the, whispered a few poetic words in her ear, which had the desired effect on her. Proving false to her husband elect, she went away with Conway, to whom she was married next day."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by George W. Matsell & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DIARY

OF A CELEBRATED

BURGLAR AND PICKPOCKET.

JOE ADDRESSES THE "SWELL MOB."

He Has a Presentiment and Advises them to Act on It.

THE "MOB" DETERMINE TO GIVE GLASGOW A "SWEATING."

One of the "Mob" Falls in Love.

THE CONSPIRACY TO EFFECT A MARRIAGE

The "Mob" Visit an American Stove Store.

THEIR SUCCESS AND THE RESULTS.

"Weel, neow, lads," began Joe, as we walked along down High street to our Temperance Coffee House, near the North bridge, "I'll tell th' sum'at iv ye'll aul lissen." Something was on the board, so we halted and "listened" to what Joe had to say. "It duz seeim tu mi az 'ow the-ir iz sum bad luck 'angin' abowt this 'ere Skotch touwn. 'Sumthin' keeips on a tellin' mi that it iz'nt a "rybuck" plaice fur Joe, an' I'll goa tu thunner iv Joe isn't beginnin' tu 'tummil' tu th' 'lay' az iz' 'crackin' tu mi. I doan't knoa wat thau kauls it, but I've 'eerd it afoar."

"Presentiment?" I inquired.

"Aye, 'chum,' that's t' wurd, thee put it deown wi' th' pensil; 'appen I'll want it again, an' I'll goa tu blaizis iv I kan 'kollar' them the-ir long-backed wurds wen I want 'em, but 'appen its just az goold. I kan whip in balf a duzzen o' short wans i' steod o' a long wan, an' they'll du mi az weell, soa thau needn't mynd tchawkin' it doown just neow. But, az I wur sayin', it duz seeim mighty kowrious tu mi 'ow we've niver cum tu this 'ere playce 'ithowt sum 'stink' or nunuthir a follerin' uz ryght on uz 'eels. An', nunuthir thing, wen uz weer 'ere afoar, th' 'skufflirs' war az klose at uz 'prats' az theiy ar neow. I doan't feell lyke az iv I 'ad anny luv for th' bloody 'cyle, an' I doan't kair 'ow sooin I'm oout on it. Neow, that the-ir's wat I wanted tu tell th'."

It was "kowrious" that each of us just then felt the same as Joe, at least we all said so, and as for myself I can testify to my own feelings on that same point. They were exactly as Joe stated he felt, and I was glad he was the one to first speak of it.

"Well'n, lads, wat's th' yuce on uz a stayin' 'ere, wer uz feell lyke a kolleray morbus? I see noa yuce in't, soa iv yer aul willin' let uz up sticks an' mayke fur sumweeirs else, weeir uz kan maiyke an 'onnest 'bob' ur tow 'ithout 'avin' tu wurk wi' th' 'cops' at uz 'prats' aul th' tyme. Weeir'll uz goa, 'chum?' thau knoas this 'ere itchy 'munkery' better'n I du."

"Well," said I "if you are willing, let us take a trip to Glasgow, and from there we can easily 'graft' the country around, both by steamboat and by rail. What do ye say?"

"I am willing," said Folkstone.

"So am I," said Wattie.

"Well'n, let's goa," chimed in Joe, and on we walked to where our "poters" were stowed. By the railway guide I carried in my "kick" I could find at what hour every train arrived and started throughout the kingdom, so I was at no loss to know at what hour we should leave Edinburgh. This was soon found, and as we had a couple of hours to wait, I threw myself down on one of the sofas in the [illegible] intending to steal [illegible] nap before starting. Joe, [illegible] the time, sauntered out along with Wattie [illegible] the flavor of the Edinburgh [illegible] &c., before leaving the capital. As soon as they had left the room I settled myself for a snooze, but just as I was falling off, my ear was tickled, and upon looking around there stood Folkstone with the straw in his "duke."

"Sit up here, 'chum,' I want to speak to you. I know 'taint any use to "crack a lay' to Wattie; he'd rather be sucking at the 'whusky.' I want you to help me. Will you do it?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," answered I.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I want you to do for me; but should you refuse me, after hearing what it is I want, I want you to promise that you will not inform Joe nor Wattie of it." I promised, and Folkstone began:

"Well, 'chum,' may I be 'lag'd' if I ain't in love! Aye, right bang in love, and no flies. That pretty Scotch heifer in Dundee has 'kidded' me into it, and I know bloody well it's love, for I never felt so all over alike before now. Will you help me?"

"Very likely, Folkstone, but let me hear in which way you desire my help."

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, in the first place, there's a 'bloke' who has been working in the mill where she worked, and while there he got 'sweet' on her, and before we came to Dundee that 'bloke' used to visit the old woman of an evening, and never failed ty 'lush' the old 'Judy.' Well, this was done so often that at last the old woman got 'sweet' on the mill 'bloke,' and he 'piping' her in the 'roadyed' state, 'collared' the moment, and asked her to give him Kirsty for a wife. This was before we came, remember. Well, sir, the old lady has been whipping it into Kirsty ever since how good a 'bloke' he'd make her, with his eighteen to twenty 'bits' per week, and so much have they 'jollied' the girl that to relieve herself from their 'gab,' as she expressed it, she has promised to become his wife before the Winter sets in. Well, now, 'chum,' I'll tell you the whole of it in one word. She's 'sweet' on me and so am I on her, and I want to 'switch' her myself; but when I talk to her about that she says, 'baith hersel an' hir mither hiz prommis'd Alic, the heckler, and she diz nae ken hoo tae git oot o' 't.' Now, 'chum,' can't you put us 'fly,' for I know she'll agree to any plan that will give her a good pretence for turning up the heckler (blarst his heckling eyes!) Put us 'fly' to some move that'll make things look 'square' to the old woman, and do away with the objections to the turning up of the 'bloke.' Come tell me; for I vow I am dead on to Kirsty, and if she and I get together we'll start for Australia before three months are over us, and there I mean to live a 'square' life for the future. Come, let me hear you."

"Why, Folkstone, why didn't you 'crack a lay' before we left? You'll be losing time now, for in your absence the heckling 'bloke' will be her companion, and rivit the promise all the harder while you are away. You ought to have told me how far this affair between you and Kirsty had gone, and most likely, what, with Jessie's and my 'kidding,' we'd a had the 'bloke' turned up and yourself all 'rybuck' with the girl. I did notice something between you and Kirsty, and had I known your intention of marrying her, I would have tried all I knew how with the old woman in your favor. But, never say die, Folkstone. Give me your word that if I gain their consent to turn up the heckling 'bloke' you'll marry, right off, the Scotch bloomer in question."

Folkstone, with the rapidity of an arrow on the wing, shot his "duke" into mine, and swore by all the terrors of brimstone in the nether land that he would marry her right off, and love her forever.

"Now, then, old fellow, ring that bell and order writing materials, instantly, if you wish to 'collar' that 'Judy,'" said I, rising from my disturbed nap. In a minute or two the writing materials were arranged, and soon after there was a letter ready for Jessie, giving her instructions to make use of the time in forwarding Folkstone's suit with her sister Kirsty, and also hinting that Jessie and myself might accompany Folkstone and his wife when they left for Australia; but above all things to prevent the marriage between the heckler and her sister until our return.

"Thunder me stiff, old boy, that's the very thing," exclaimed Folkstone, as the letter was finished and laid ready for the postman; but the next moment my "pal" "collared" the missive, and throwing it into his "kick," reached for his "bener" and rushed for the door.

"What's up now?" I inquired, surprised at his antics.

"W[illegible] going to wait here all day for a postman! I'[illegible] myself to the post-office, and then it'll be in [illegible]"

"Stop, [illegible] Hope. Why, are you turning 'luny,' to[illegible] know that before each mail goes away [illegible] coated postmen are around gathering [illegible] letters intended to be sent to the post-office, and [illegible] their return from collecting through the city no mail is not made up? So you see, with all your anxiety and haste to get your letter in, it would not go an instant sooner than by waiting before giving it to the postman to carry there!"

"Well, if that's the case I needn't go with it, then. But I say, 'chum,' turn up that snooze you were going to take, and let you and I go for a walk. Joe and Wattie are out on their own 'gills,' so let you and I take a ramble."

The disturbance caused by attending to Folkstone's love affair had robbed me of my snooze, that I had laid myself out for; so, pitying my "pal's" love excited "feelings," I agreed to turn up the sofa and take a ramble with him through the city. To the Carlton Hill we slowly took our way, and having to pass by the General Post-office, Folkstone then and there posted the note to Jessie in favor of his suit. As we left the post-office, and were sauntering slowly toward the Carlton, we were passed by a couple of policemen, having in charge three handcuffed prisoners. Another look, and we recognized the three hungry "stock-buzzers" of the Grass Market. They were now on their way to jail, there to await their trial at the coming sessions. A walk on the Carlton Hill and a dive at a cook shop, brought the hour of our departure close at hand, and we prepared for the journey. But what had become of Wattie and Joe? The time was drawing near and no signs of their return. We were beginning to grow very anxious concerning them, when a cab drove up to the front of the Temperance Coffee House and out sprang Joe and Wattie, who had only just saved the time by coming in the [illegible] minute or two we were all inside and away to the railway station, where we arrived just in time to secure tickets and a passage to Glasgow.

That night [illegible] in Glasgow, without anything of moment [illegible] on our way, and put up, as before when [illegible] there, at the Tontine, in Trongate, opposite the famed locality of the "Salt Market." Next morning after breakfast, we "collared" the still[illegible] ourselves of any stir that might be on hand, but on looking over it we could find but little that boded show for us—no sales, no markets, no meetings, [illegible] business [ours] looked dull and we were about cursing our luck, when at that moment Folkstone's eye happened to alight on a heading which read thus:

"Great crowds every day to witness our exhibition of newly imported American stoves—ladies! come and see."

I drew Joe's attention to what we had read and told him that a visit might pay.

"Well'n, by aul meens let uz goa [illegible] at, sl' th' [illegible] it nau but says ladies come an' see, [illegible] a no'er a 'lay' abowt gentlemen? 'appen theiy waiynt fur uz in?"

"Oh, no fear of that, Joe; anyway we can try," I replied.

So off we four went, along the Trongate, into Argyle street and passing through the Argyle arcade came out opposite the American Stove Company's large warehouse, in Buchanan street. A flight of broad stone [illegible] brought us into the first room set apart as a show room for all sorts of kitchen utensils. Passing through that we made our way to the next room, and the next, until we arrived at the American Stove room. Such a pile of stoves I never saw before or since, and they in the highest state of polish. "Great crowds," as the newspaper had it, was no "crammer," and crowds of wealthy looking people too.

"This'll suit me to a T," said Folkstone, as he took off his light overcoat to throw over his arm while "grafting." "Hadn't we better split and make two 'mobs,'" asked he.

"I think," said I in answer, "that it would be the best 'cocum' for us all to work together using only one 'wire,' for, you see, supposing two 'wires' at 'graft' in the same space, 'tis almost impossible for one 'wire' to know how many the other has 'dipped' or who they are, and therefore liable in case of a 'tumble' to be 'collared for the skin' the other 'wire' has brought off.' Let us all form one 'mob,' and be[illegible] one part of the room, 'go through them' [illegible] to at where we commenced; then we ca[illegible] graft, and namase."

"T[illegible] seims tu mi tu bea th' best waiy, [illegible] an' I'll 'swag the pokes,' I doan't [illegible] spoain it's a donkey load—I'll karry [illegible] blaizis. Who'll bea th' 'wire'? [illegible] I kan 'pul [illegible] 'copper's' cudgil—ha, ha,

[illegible] red to be allowed to "dip" and we [illegible] I "stalling" and Joe "copping" [illegible] we commenced, and "poke by poke" [illegible] from their owner's "kicks" to Joe's [illegible] before we had gone the intended circuit of [illegible] seceeded from his "mob," vowing that he [illegible] just as many as he at first intended to carry at one time, and "slithered" for the street regardless of his boastful promise to "karry a donkey load." Two more "skins" after Joe left were "hauled away," and then, fearful of some of them discovering their loss and creating a general "stink," we "cheesed graft," and sauntered away from the room and out of the show department into the street. Upon turning into Argyle street we noticed Joe on the opposite side "piping off" for our appearance; we joined him, and together entered a respectable "lush drum" near to the beginning of Buchanan street, where we'd been "grafting." From the window of the room where we sat, could be seen the entrance of the American stove store, and while we "turned out the pokes" one or the other of us would "take a granny" towards the place. It was but a few minutes after seating ourselves until we saw a clerk (as we supposed, by the pen in his ear) running bareheaded towards Argyle street, and after looking up and down the street, dart off along the pavement as if in search of something. I kept my eye on him and drew my "pal's" attention that way.

"Well, thee keep a look cowt fur 'im wyle we're kowntin' up this 'ere 'sugar,' an' t' aftur 'e maiy goa tu blue blaizis," answered Joe.

Before he got out of my sight he met a policeman to whom he stopped and spoke for a few moments, and then resumed his excited journey, while the "cop," evidently bracing up for something unusual, marched with a consequential air in the direction of the stove store. A few minutes more and the clerk passed on his [illegible] with no less than three "peelers" in tow.

"I'll bet a bloody kooiky theiy're aul 'blewed their pokes' by this time, elze theiy wudn't 'avo soa manny 'skufflin' namasin' up the-ir," said Joe, adding: "I'd give a krown tu bea in the-ir just neow iv I wur sooir o' bein' saiyfe. Waiynt the-ir boa a 'ranglin' agoin' on, won th' whole eleven uv em fynds the-ir 'pokes' 'namaser'? Well, let 'em rangle; iv theiy doan't knoa 'ow tu karry money, wy, uz du an 'll karry it fur 'm, eh? chum. But, 'ere, aud lad du thee 'coll[illegible] these empty 'skins' an' sling 'em down th' [illegible]in'—'namase'."

I "collared" the empty "pokes," no less than eleven of them, and going to the rear of the "lush drum" soon had them in a place they would not very readily be found by "peeler" or people. Returning to the room I found my "whack" lying on the table awaiting me. I "collared" it and upon counting it found twenty-eight pounds, and a few shillings in silver. Very good, thought I, as I stowed it away in my "kick," and thought how Jessie would "lawob" when I again "collared" the next instalment.

"Well, lads, spose' uz 'ave a littl moar o' sumthin' tu drink, on th' strength o' wat's kum off—wat saiys t'a, chum?"

Twenty-eight "quids" and some silver! why, yes, of course we could drink on the strength of that—every time. So I cheerfully gave consent and was followed quickly by Wattie and Folkstone, whereon Joe laid hold on the bell rope and in a moment the landlord appeared.

"Mr. Landlord, ha't'a gotten anny goold wyne?"

"I have, sir."

"Well'n, pleeze bring uz a bottil uv it; we waunt tu taste wat 'ke it iz, an' iv it's goold 'appen we'll taiyke a duzzin or tew 'ome. Bring it this waiy, landlord." (Exit Boniface, who returned in a few minutes with wine in hand, whereon stood a bottle covered in spider-webs and sawdust grains).

"There, sir, I believe you'll find that to your liking, it's of a very superior vintage, and praised by every one who has been fortunate enough to have a share of it."

"Well, we'll bloody soon knoa aul abowt it's wintich an' evviry thing abowt it, ou'd buck," said Joe, as he "collared" the bottle upon the landlord leaving. Bringing the bottle to the charge, Joe filled the glasses and off they "slithored"—ditto a second time.

"Why, neow, I'll ax th' wat it iz, lads, that the-ir isn't nasty 'max,' nowaiy, iz it?"

"No, indeed!" answered Folkstone.

"Wat duz thau saiy, Wattie?" asked my "pal."

"Tish!" answered the Scot; "I wudnae gie a mutchkin o' whusky for a' th' wine ye cou'd teem in tae mi; whaut iz it eftir a'? Jhist look at it! ye dinnae see th' bonny beads stickin' tae th' gless o' tap o' 't, like th' whusky—d'ye? No! gie mi th' whusky an' you can tak th' wine. I like sumthing that bites az it goes doon; that's th' ticket for me—an' tae th' deil wi a' ye're trekkle water!"

At this moment we observed from the window a crowd of ladies and gentlemen leaving the American Stove Store, and in company with the police walk away in the direction of the Police station. Along Argyle street and up the "Candleriggs" and to the right lies the Police station. This was the route they took, and as we afterwards found out, they had gone to give descriptions of what they had lost and of whom they suspected—if they really suspected any in particular. Thinking to hear something profitable we left the "lush drum" and by pairs followed in their wake, picking up all the information we could gather from some who were in the store when they "beefed" about their "pokes." As they went along, the shopkeepers seeing so many ladies along with the police, questioned the crowd as to the cause of it and they in turn made things worse by magnifying the losses to a hundred times the real amount, accompanied by extravagant relations as to the method employed in its abstraction. From the shopkeepers to the shoppers, and they to those of their acquaintances whom they met on the street, and in less than a couple of hours half of Glasgow had heard of the wonderful daring of the pickpockets; for, of necessity they didn't believe the purses could leave without hands. Wherever we went, into whatsoever "drum" we slid for a "lush," the topic on the board was the lost purses, and so general had it become that we joined in at last to preserve ourselves from at least appearing singular.

"Lookee 'ere, lads," said Joe, as we walked back and forth under the Tontine Hotel, "lookee 'ere, I dunnoa wat yer aul thinks abowt, but I'll tell th' 'ow I feell. It strykes mi raiythir forcibly that we've dun aul az we're lyke tu du i' this 'ere touwn, an' I think that the-ir's th' 'piyon o' th' 'Jst' theiy're selves. Neow, I think that, seein's 'ow theiy waiynt harbor uz nor du uz anny goold, I saiy, I think az 'ow we'd ought tu du, wunce on a tyme, wat th' Skriptirs tells uz tu do—naiymly, giv uz booits a bloody goold shaiykin tu morrer, an' leev th' dust o' the-ir city be'ind uz, eh? Isnt that 'rybuck'?"

Of course the city was too hot for us to expect doing any "graft," and so we all concluded to start in the morning somewhere, it mattered not where. That evening was spent indoors playing Drafts, a number of boards being kept at the hotel for the use of the guests.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellaneous.

The Quota of New York.

15,000 VOLUNTEERS WANTED

FOR NEW YORK COUNTY.

Increased Bounties and Hand-Money.

At a meeting of the County Committee on Volunteering held on Saturday, February 11, 1865,

Present, ORISON BLUNT, Chairman. MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller ELIJAH F. PURDY, Supervisor, WM. M. TWEED, Supervisor, WM. R. STEWART, Supervisor.

On motion of Supervisor William M. Tweed, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the County pay for a One Year Recruit Three Hundred ($300) Dollars Bounty and Fifty ($50) Dollars Hand-money.

For a Two Year Recruit, Four Hundred ($400) Dollars Bounty and Seventy-five ($75) Dollars Hand-money.

For a Three Year Recruit, Six Hundred ($600) Dollars County and One Hundred ($100) Dollars Hand-money.

BOUNTIES

FOR THREE YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$600
Government	300
Total	$900

FOR TWO YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$400
Government	200
Total	$600

FOR ONE YEAR RECRUITS.

County	$300
Government	100
Total	$400

[illegible] County to be paid to the Recruit in his own hands [illegible] Assembly Bill, No. 116, of 1865), and the Hand money to be paid to the person who may present the Recruit.

By order of the Committee,

CORNELIUS CORSON, Clerk.

THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS.

THE PRICE OF THE NEW YORK NEWS.

DAILY:

Single Copies	Four Cents
To Mail Subscribers:	
ONE Year	$10 00
Six Months	5 00

WEEKLY:

Single Copies	Five Cents
To Mail subscribers:	
One copy, one year	$2 00
Three copies, one year	5 25
Five copies, one year	8 50
Ten copies, one year	16 00
—and an extra copy to any Club of Ten.	
Twenty copies one year	30 00
The WEEKLY NEWS is sent to Clergymen at	1 50

Payments invariably in advance.

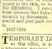
To any one sending us a Club of Fifty, THE DAILY NEWS will be sent gratis for one year.

The name of the Post Office and State should in all cases be plainly written.

For sale by all Newsmen.

Address BENJ. WOOD, Daily News Building, No. 19 City Hall Square, New York City.

O'DOR! O'DOR!



DR. BRIGGS'

GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or mustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald heads in eight weeks (AND NO HUMBUG). I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials by thousands. I will send my Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post paid for $1.25 (Warranted). Send all orders to DR. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6318, Chicago, Ill.

1022:1034

TEMPORARY LOANS WILL BE RECEIVED at this office, in sums not less than $1,000, for which "REVENUE BONDS" will be issued, payable in six to nine months, with interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN, Comptroller.

CITY OF NEW YORK—DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, March 8, 1865.

1023:tf

PLAYING CARDS AND SPORTING GOODS. J. T. CUTTING & CO., 126 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., Manufacturers and Dealers in

Playing Cards,

And all articles used in Games of Chance. FARO DEALING CARDS always on hand, and cut to order for any game. Send stamp for our circulars. 1021:1023

PHOTOGRAPH CARDS FOR GENTLEMEN. —Sample and Catalogue sent free for 51 cents. Enclose an envelope with your own name and address. 1023:1035 D. HEMMETT, 18 Liberty st., N. Y.

RUSSELL & COZANS

COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

62 Nassau street.

ABRAHAM D. RUSSELL. LUKE F. COZANS.

1013:1025

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; or, The Mysteries of Making Love fully explained; with 20 specimen Love Letters, containing also a treatise on the qualifications necessary for Marriage. Complete. 25 cents, by mail. F. Lambert Moore & Co., Publishers, 205 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa. 1018:1030

THE BRAZILIAN HAIR CURLER.—One application warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets, or heavy and massive curls. Sent post-paid, on receipt of $1. 1023:1035 Address, S. S. CHASE, Oneco, N. Y.

CHEWING, SMOKING AND SNUFFING TOBACCO, CURED AND PREVENTED.—The Medicine sent free by mail for FIFTY Cents; five packages for TWO Dollars, by JAS. DAY & SON, 16 Church street, New Haven, Conn. 1020:1032

AGENTS WANTED.—Business Light, Pleasant and Honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $50 per day, net profit. Send stamp for circular Address P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, N. Y. 1017:1029

SHULTS' ONGUENT, WARRANTED TO produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y. 1023:1035

A QUEER THING mailed everywhere for 50 cents. Address JOSEPH BEAMER, Box 636, Detroit, Mich. 1020:1026

CANTANKEROUS.—Love-Scrape and Escape Book, sent free by mail on receipt of Twenty-five cents. Address Box 96, Meriden, Conn. 1020:1032

SHULTS' CURLIQUE—FOR CURLING the Hair. Price 50 cents. Sent sealed and post-paid. 1023:1035 Address, C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE OF WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &c.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT

One Dollar Each!!

Without regard to Value!! And not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for One Dollar each!!

200	Musical Boxes	$20 to $150	each.
150	do do with Bells & Castinets	20 "	500 "
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 "	50 "
500	Silver Chafing Dishes	30 "	100 "
1000	Silver Ice Pitchers	20 "	50 "
2500	Silver Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 "	50 "
5000	Silver Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 "	50 "
3000	Silver Castors	15 "	50 "
2000	Silver Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 "	50 "
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	10 "	20 doz.
10000	do do Table Spoons and Forks	20 "	40 doz.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting case Watches	50 "	100 each
250	Ladies Gold and Enameled Hunting case Watches	35 "	70 "
500	Gents Hunting case Silver Watches	35 "	70 "
500	Ladies do do	20 "	40 "
100	Diamond Rings	50 "	100 "
3000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 "	50 "
3000	" " "	4 "	8 "
3000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 "	8 "
6000	Chased Gold Bracelets	5 "	10 "
2000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 "	20 "
7000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 "	10 "
1000	Cameo Brooches	4 "	6 "
2000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 "	6 "
5000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 "	6 "
5000	Gold, Cameo and Pearl Ear drops	4 "	6 "
5000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 "	8 "
7500	Coral, Opal and Emerald Ear Drops	4 "	6 "
4000	California Diamond Breastpins	2 50 "	10 "
3000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 "	8 "
4000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 "	10 "
5000	Sets Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c.	3 "	8 "
3000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.	4 "	7 "
10000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 "	8 "
4000	" " Magic Spring	3 "	20 "
3000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.	2 "	8 "
5000	Plain Gold Rings	4 "	10 "
5000	Chased " "	4 "	10 "
10000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 "	10 "
10000	California Diamond Rings	2 "	10 "
7500	Sets Ladies Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 "	10 "
6000	Sets Ladies Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl Opal and other stones	4 "	15 "
10000	Gold Pens, Silver extension Holders, and Pencils	4 "	10 "
10000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	6 "	10 "
5000	Gold Pens and Gold extension Holders	15 "	25 "
5000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 "	15 "
5000	do do do Hair Bars & Balls	5 "	10 "

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, 167 Broadway, New York,

Announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE.

Under these circumstances Arrandale & Co., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the Dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 Cents each which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1, eleven for $2, thirty for $5, sixty-five for $10 and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed 10 cents on every Certificate ordered, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or Postage Stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,

1012-1025 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times N. Y. City, Feb. 19, '65.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable Jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

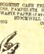
By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantage must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he [illegible] and he need not send for it [illegible]—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug 6, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment [illegible] we have heard of [illegible] a lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only lining her own purse, but also doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged. —*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat, (Lewiston) August 17, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864. One of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

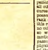
We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co., to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*





THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS, PAMPHLETS, BOOKS either printed or written on, and WASTE PAPER of every description. STOCKWELL & EMERSON, 25 Ann street, One door west of Nassau st. 1021-1033







MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—I have Just arrived from Paris, with a large assortment of all kinds of Sporting Goods. Microscopic Views set in Watch Charms, Scarf Pins, &c. I will send you one sample for 50 cents. Fine Pocket Knives, Finger Rings, &c., from $1 to $5, with the Picture enclosed on them. New Books, Songs, Cards, Prints, &c. Send stamp for a Catalogue. Address FRANTZ LEGRAND, 1015:1027 23 John street, New York.

GREAT CLOSING SALE!!

$500,000 Worth of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, thirteen for $2, thirty-five for $5, one hundred for 12 dollars. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars mailed free. Address Jeweler's Association, 258 River street, Troy, N. Y. P. O. Drawer 12. 1017:1029

THE ART OF REAL PLEASURE!—WITH Engravings. Every man and every woman wants it. Price, 85 cents. By mail, securely enveloped, $1. C. BLANCHARD, Publisher, 1020:1024 50 Ann street, New York.

BIRDS, ANIMALS, &c.—J. L. BODE, Taxidermist, No. 16, North William street, near Chatham. Birds, Animals, Fish and Reptiles prepared and stuffed in a very superior manner. A large assortment of Mounted Birds in glass cases, and other curiosities on view and for sale. Pet Birds, &c., prepared at the shortest notice. Birds' Eyes for sale. 1018:1031

GAY BOYS' OWN JEST BOOK—IT WILL make you laugh out loud. It contains engravings of The Bathers, The Skaters, The Country Maidens, First Ride, and several others. By "Little Pickle." All complete, 25 cents. Sent by mail. F. Lambert Moore & Co., 205 Arch st., Philadelphia. 1018:1030

"HOW 'TIS DONE, or the Secret Out," "Gambling Exposed," "Fortune Telling," "Whiskers in 42 Days," "Book of Wonders," 200 Great Secrets. A New Book just out. Only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Mailed free, and satisfaction guaranteed. Address E. HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. 1012:1024

RICH AND FANCY.—Love Scenes in Playing Cards (French Pictures), used as common cards. $1 50 a pack. Advantage, or marked cards, $1 25 a pack. Sporting Goods of all kinds. Clubs, Boxing Gloves, &c. Send for a Circular. Address 1014:1026 H. B. WILLIS, 82 Nassau st., New York.

Medical.

"There is no such Word as Fail."

TARRANT'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF CUPEBS AND COPAIBA,

Is a Sure, Certain and Speedy Cure

For all diseases of the

Bladder, Kidneys and Urinary Organs,

Either in the Male or Female, frequently performing a Perfect Cure in the short space of three or four days; and always in less time than any other Preparation.

In the use of TARRANT'S Compound Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, there is no need of confinement or change of diet. In its approved form of a paste, it is entirely tasteless, and causes no unpleasant sensation to the patient, and no exposure.

It is now acknowledged by the most learned in the Profession that in all secret diseases Cubebs and Copaiba are the only two Remedies that can be relied upon with any certainty of success.

Tarrant's Compound Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, never fails! It is positive and quick in its effect. It matters not which sex these Loathsome Diseases have afflicted, in Man or Woman, Old or Young, its action is always the same.

QUICK, CERTAIN AND PERMANENT.

Let the Sick and Unfortunate bear in mind that this is the only Positive and Sure Remedy known in the World, for all the Diseases for which it is recommended.

Ask for Tarrant's Compound Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba, and take no other.

Manufactured only by

TARRANT & CO.,

278 Greenwich street, New York.

Sold by Druggists all over the world. 1014:1025

THE BEST STRENGTHENING PLASTER IS THE Porous Plaster of Dr. Allcock.

They are warranted to keep good twenty years, but may be returned for fresh plasters without charge.

[illegible] IMPORTANT QUALITIES.

They will cure a Weakness of the Back, Pain in the side, a Lameness of the Knee or of the Ankles, or Cold Feet, [illegible] and with more comfort than any other application.

HARTFORD, Conn., November 11, 1864.

Messrs. Thomas Allcock & Co.:—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing a man applies for one, with [illegible] to the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay five dollars for a single plaster, if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated Plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them render them greatly superior to all other for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

J. W. JOHNSON, M. D.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

resolve and assuage pain by calling forth the acrid humors from parts internal to the skin and general circulation, thus, in many cases, positively evaporating the disease.

JAMES LULL, M. D.

There is nothing equal, in the way of plaster, to the Porous Plaster of Mr. Allcock. Everything is pleasant about them. They are the Plaster of the day and a fit type of our advancement in science and art. In Asthma, Cough, Kidney Affections, and local deep seated pains, they afford permanent relief. J. F. JOHNSON, M. D., on "Topical Remedies."

From a personal knowledge of these Plasters, we can state that they are decidedly preferable to any others in use. Wherever relief is to be obtained by the use of a plaster, we should recommend them.

A. INGRAHAM, M. D., Editor of the New York Medical [illegible]

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH SOLD

May 10, 1860.

This may certify that we have sold within the past five years at least one thousand five hundred dollars' worth of Allcock's Porous Plasters. They have invariably given satisfaction, and we consider them the best article of the kind made or sold.

JONES & BRO. Apothecaries and Chemists, Sing Sing, New York.

CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK, AND LUMBAGO CURED.

Messrs. ALLCOCK & Co.:—Please send me a dollar's worth of your Plasters. They have cured me of a crick in my back, which had troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about his heart.

L. H. SHERWOOD.

LYONS, New York, July 4, 1862.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, November 23, 1859.

T. Allcock & Co.—Gentlemen:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back occasioned by suddenly over-exerting myself. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of this kind I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS, Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

SOLD, Wholesale and Retail, at 294 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

1011 tf And by Dealers generally.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE

DOCTOR KENNEDY,

OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,

From the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple.

Two bottles warranted to cure a nursing sore mouth.

One to three bottles will cure the worst kind of pimples on the face.

Two or three bottles will clear the system of biles.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst canker in the mouth and stomach.

Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.

[illegible] to cure all humor in the eyes.

Two bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and blotches among the hair.

Four or six bottles are warranted to cure corrupt and running ulcers.

One bottle will cure eruptions of the skin.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of ringworm.

Two or three bottles are warranted to cure the most desperate case of rheumatism.

Three or four bottles are warranted to cure salt rheum.

Five or eight bottles will cure the worst case of scrofula.

One to three bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of dyspepsia. I know from the experience of thousands that it has been caused by cancer in the stomach.

One to two bottles are warranted to cure sick headache.

One to two bottles are warranted to regulate a costive state of the bowels.

One to two bottles will regulate all derangements of the kidneys.

Four to six bottles will cure the worst case of dropsy.

One to three bottles have cured the worst cases of piles; relief is always experienced; what a mercy to get a relief such an excruciating disease.

For Syphilis in all its varieties, take one ounce of Sweet Spirits of Nitre, two ounces of Balsam Copaivi, mix it with a bottle of Medical discovery, and drink freely of [illegible] and it will cure every case.

By following the directions in pamphlet around each bottle, and by a judicious application of the SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.

SCROFULA OINTMENT,

AND

HEALING OINTMENT,

every sore and ulcer of whatsoever kind or nature, except cancer that has taken root, is perfectly and permanently healed.

MANUFACTURED BY DONALD KENNEDY, No. 120 Warren street, Roxbury, Mass.

Price $1. For sale by every druggist in the United States and British Provinces. 1021:1033

PRIVATE CONSULTATION.—DR. HUNTER has for thirty years confined his attention to diseases of a certain class in which he has treated no less than fifty thousand cases, without an instance of failure. The remedies are mild, so there is no interruption to business or change of diet. Dr. Hunter is in constant attendance from 7 in the morning until 10 at night, at his old office No. 3 Division street. Charges moderate, and a cure guaranteed. Separate rooms so that the patient sees no one but the Doctor himself. Inviolate secrecy in every instance. His great remedy, HUNTER'S RED DROP, cures diseases when regular treatment and all other remedies fail; cures without dieting or restriction in the habits of the patient; cures without the disgusting and sickening effects of all other remedies; [illegible] in new cases in less than six hours; cures without the dreadful consequent effects of mercury, but possesses the peculiarly valuable property of annihilating the rank and poisonous taint that the blood is sure to absorb, unless this remedy is used. This is what he claims for it, and what no other will accomplish. Its value in this respect has become so well known, that scientific men, in every department of medical knowledge, begin to appreciate it, for hardly a week passes that he is not consulted by druggists, chemists, and physicians, in regard to some pitiful patients, who has exhausted the whole field of the faculty, and still the disease will appear. What human being, with any pretension to Christianity, will say that this medicine should not be made known far and wide? Its popularity is so great, that there is not a quack doctor in the city that has not attacked it; and when they find their lies are not so easily swallowed, they then pretend that they can make it. It is $2 a vial, and cannot be obtained genuine anywhere but at the old office, No. 3 Division street. One Dollar will secure by return mail, his medical work, 300 pages 50 colored pictures, worth all the others put together.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!—CLARK'S ONGUET, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or mustaches in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented by informing me of the fact can have their money returned them at any time within three months from the day of purchase. Price $1.00. Sent sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.

Address A. C. CLARK, P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y. 1023:1035

MANHOOD AND THE VIGOR OF YOUTH restored in four weeks by DR. RICORD'S Essence of Life. This wonderful agent will restore manhood to the most shattered constitutions, whether arising from excesses, solo abuse, the effects of climate, or natural causes. The time required to cure the most inveterate cases is four weeks. Failure is impossible. Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life is sold in cases, with full instructions for use, at $3, or four quantities in one for $9, and will be sent to any part, carefully packed, on receipt of remittance to his accredited agent. PHILIP ROLAND, 447 Broome street, one door west of Broadway, New York. 1019:tf

$1.00. WHISKERS. $1.00.

FOR ONE DOLLAR I WILL SEND, sealed and post paid, the "GRECIAN COMPOUND," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face, in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address, E. L. SANFORD, 1023:1035 Lansingburgh, N. Y.

INFORMATION to those suffering from Spermatorrhoea or Seminal weakness, Nervous Debility, &c., &c., the effects of abuse. You will find in DR. FAUCELT'S Mechanical appliance the great source of happiness. Forwarded by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of $1.50. Send all orders to Box 82, Broadway Post Office, care of H. Lockwood, New York. 1017:1029

MATRIMONY.—WHY EVERY MAN SHOULD MARRY. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser by WM. EARL, M.D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cents. Address No. 12 White street, New York. 1020:1032

GAYEST OF THE GAY!

Transparent Playing Cards, used the same as common cards (52 French Pictures). Sample pack, by mail, $1 25; $10 per dozen packs. Also, marked Cards, 40 kinds, $1 50 per pack. Address,

1022:1034 Forwarding Agency, 83 Liberty st., New York

A. J. Brady, Book and Job Printer, 6 Tryon Row